

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4725 [REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1920.

SIXPENCE.
Postage: U.K. and abroad 1d.

S.P.C.K.

KING ALFRED'S BOOKS.

By the Right Rev. Bishop G. F. BROWNE, D.D., D.C.L.,
LL.D., F.S.A. 30s. net.

Care has been taken to bring out the personal touches of the King's hand and mind, and to show his discretion and skill in rendering and editing the translations for the use and instruction of his people.

The Scotsman says: "It has attractions for the general student of the beginnings of English literature and history, as well as for the learned in Anglo-Saxon lore."

RELIGION AND SCIENCE. From Galileo to Bergson.

By JOHN CHARLTON HARDWICK. 8s. net.

The Challenge says: "If we regard its quality it is one of the cheapest books on the subject that we know."

Nature says: "We do not remember to have seen so clear, simple and balanced a summary of the main trends of human thought."

WALTER DE WENLOK, Abbot of Westminster.

By ERNEST HAROLD PEARCE, Litt.D., F.S.A., Bishop of Worcester. With a Frontispiece. (Ecclesiastical Biographies.) 12s. net.

The Times Literary Supplement says: "As a study of Monastic Life . . . it is a serious contribution to history."

A SHORT SURVEY OF THE LITERATURE OF RABBINICAL & MEDIAEVAL JUDAISM

By W. O. E. OESTERLEY, M.A., D.D., and G. H. BOX, M.A., D.D. 12s. 6d. net.

THE PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM. [Dec. 6.]

By the Rev. O. H. PARRY, M.A. With numerous Illustrations. 10s. net.

The beautiful sketches and charming treatment of the subject from the point of view of the pilgrim rather than the sightseer make a very strong appeal to the general reader.

THE INFLUENCE OF ANIMISM ON ISLAM. An account of popular superstition.

By SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, F.R.G.S. With twelve Illustrations. 10s. net.

How strong is the pagan element in Mohammedism, how many doctrines and practices of popular Islam only find their explanation in a survival of the Animism of Ancient Arabia, or were incorporated from many heathen sources in the spread of the faith.

THE INCARNATION & PERSONALITY.

By HERBERT A. WATSON, D.D. 9s. net.

The Times Literary Supplement says: "An extensive and thoughtful exposition."

Studies in Church History.

SOME 18TH-CENTURY CHURCHMEN:

Glimpses of English Church Life in the 18th Century.

By G. LACEY MAY, M.A. With several Illustrations. 9s. net.

CHRISTIAN MONASTICISM IN EGYPT TO THE CLOSE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

By W. H. MACKEAN, D.D. 8s. net.

The Month says: "A scholarly, well-documented and sympathetic account of this form of asceticism."

The Story of the English Towns.

With Maps, Plans and Illustrations. 4s. net.

HARROGATE AND KNARESBOROUGH.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

PONTEFRACT.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

ST. ALBANS.

By WILLIAM PAGE, F.S.A.

BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM AND PLYMOUTH.

[Recently Published.]

Pioneers of Progress.

MEN OF SCIENCE: Edited by S. CHAPMAN, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. Paper cover, 1s. 3d.; cloth 2s. net.

THE COPERNICUS OF ANTIQUITY (Aristarchus of Samos).

By Sir THOMAS HEATH, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., etc.

JOHN DALTON.

By L. J. NEVILLE-POLLEY, B.Sc.

KEPLER.

By WALTER W. BRYANT, F.R.A.S.

[Ready Dec. 1.]

Manuals of the Inner Life.

A LADDER OF MEDITATION AND DEVOTION.

By the Rev. A. HENDERSON. 3s. 6d. net.

A simple book of meditations founded largely on the classics of devotion.

MY BELOVED AND MY FRIEND

By GERTRUDE HOLLIS. 5s. net.

Devotional readings for each Sunday and holy-day of the Christian Year.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

LONDON: Central Offices: 6, St. Martin's Place, W.C.2. Book Shops: 64, New Bond Street, W.1.; 43, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

BRIGHTON: 129, North Street. BATH: 39, Gay Street. NEW YORK: The Macmillan Co.

Lists post free.

And of all Booksellers.

Royal Opera House, COVENT GARDEN.

FOUR WEEKS' SEASON.

Royal Carl Rosa Opera Coy.

51 years in the public service.

DIRECTORS—Mrs. Carl Rosa and Alfred Van Noorden.

OPENING MONDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 22, at 7.45.

LOHENGRIN

William Boland, Harry Brindle, Booth Hitchin, Kingsley Lark;
Doris Woodall and Beatrice Miranda. Conductor: Charles Webber.Tues., Nov. 23, at 8, FAUST. Wed., Nov. 24, at 8, TALES OF
HOFFMAN. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 8, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and
PAGLIACCI. Fri., Nov. 26, at 7.45, AIDA. Sat. Mat., Nov. 27, at 2,
LA BOHEME. Sat. Evg., Nov. 27, at 8, CARMEN.

SECOND WEEK.

Mon., Nov. 29, at 7.45, MADAM BUTTERFLY. Tues., Nov. 30, at 7.45,
TANNHAUSER. Wed. Mat., Dec. 1, at 2, LA TOSCA. Wed. Evg.,
Dec. 1, at 8, SAMSON AND DELILAH. Thurs., Dec. 2, NO OPERA
(COVENT GARDEN BALL). Fri., Dec. 3, at 8, JEWELS OF THE
MADONNA. Sat. Mat., Dec. 4, at 2, TALES OF HOFFMAN. Sat. Evg.
Dec. 4, at 8, IL TROVATORE.

THIRD WEEK.

Mon., Dec. 6, at 7.45, AIDA. Tues., Dec. 7, at 8, LA BOHEME. Wed.,
Dec. 8, at 7.45, LOHENGRIN. Thurs., Dec. 9, at 8, DAVID GARRICK.
Fri., Dec. 10, at 8, TALES OF HOFFMAN. Sat. Mat., Dec. 11, at 2,
TOSCA. Sat. Evg., Dec. 11, at 8, FAUST.

FOURTH WEEK.

Mon., Dec. 13, at 8, TANNHAUSER. Tues., Dec. 14, at 8, THE
SECRET OF SUZANNE and PAGLIACCI. Wed. Mat., Dec. 15, at 2,
MADAM BUTTERFLY. Wed. Evg., Dec. 15, at 7.30, TRISTAN AND
ISOLDE. Thurs., Dec. 16, NO OPERA (COVENT GARDEN BALL).
Fri., Dec. 17, at 8, DANTE AND BEATRICE. Sat. Mat., Dec. 18, at 2,
CARMEN. Sat. Evg., Dec. 18, at 8, TALES OF HOFFMAN.

PRICES, including tax: RESERVED SEATS, 3s. 6d. to 12s.

UNRESERVED, 1s. 3d. Boxes, £3 13s. and £2 8s.

Box office, 10 to 10.

'Phone: Gerr. 640.

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE, STRAND, W.C.

Sole Lessee and Licensee: CHAS. B. COCHRAN.

Under the Management of VIOLA TREE.

By Arrangement with R. E. JEFFREY,

JAMES K. HACKETT presents Shakespeare's

MACBETH

Nightly at 8.30 Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, James K. Hackett, Leslie Faber.

Box Office 10 to 10.

Cent. 7170. Gerr. 2315.

AMBASSADORS THEATRE

(Gerrard 4460).

WEST STREET, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATS. TUES. and SAT., at 2.30.

J. B. FAGAN and H. M. HARWOOD present

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY.

A New Comedy by Lennox Robinson.

ARTHUR SINCLAIR, SARA ALLGOOD, MAIRE O'NEILL.

EVERYMAN THEATRE

(Hampstead Tube Station).

Nightly at 7.15. Mats. every Saturday at 2.

ROMEO AND JULIET

All seats bookable. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.

Hampstead 7224.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

A Registered Friendly Society founded in the year 1837 for the
assistance of members and their widows and children when
in necessitous circumstances.

Patron: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

President: CHARLES JAMES LONGMAN, Esq.

An Annual Subscription of One Guinea, or a Donation of Ten
Guineas, entitles the donor to Honorary Membership with the
privilege of voting at General Meetings; whilst a bequest of
Twenty Guineas constitutes the executor an Honorary Member
for life, with power to vote.Subscriptions or Donations will be thankfully received by the
Secretary, Mr. WILLIAM POULTEN, Stationers' Hall Court, London,
E.C.4, who will gladly furnish any further particulars that may be
desired.

Art Exhibitions

Independent Gallery

LONDON, W.1.

Exhibition of Works
by Robert Loteron,
and Water-Colours by
Duncan Grant and
Vanessa Bell.

Nov. 5-26.

(10-5)

Booksellers & Catalogues

BOOKS AUTUMN CATALOGUE AT BARGAIN PRICES NOW READY

Do not miss these Rare Bargains, but send for a copy of Catalogue to-day,
and ask for your name and address to be registered for future issues.WM. GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers,
265, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Typewriting &c.

SHORTHAND, Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations efficiently
undertaken.—IVATTS & YOUNG, Typewriting Office, Peaywera
Road (corner of Earl's Court Road), London, S.W.5.TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION carefully and
promptly executed at home, 1s. per 1,000 words; carbon
copy, 3d. per 1,000 words. Duplicating. Cambridge local.—
Miss NANCY McFARLANE, 11, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliffe, Essex.EXPERIENCED TYPIST.—Authors' MSS., etc., carefully
and promptly typed. Terms moderate.—Apply Miss
BEATRICE PEARCE, 34, Cricklewood Lane, N.W.2.AUTHORS' MSS. TYPED, 1s. per 1,000 words. Neat, intelli-
gent work on good paper. Individual requirements carefully
followed. Carbon copy 4d. per 1,000 words.—LITERARY MANAGER,
Oxford Bureau, 3, Crosshall Street, Liverpool.TYPEWRITING.—Authors' MSS. typewritten with accuracy
and dispatch, 1s. per 1,000 words. Carbon copies half price.
MONA STUART, 14, Frewin Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.18.

Authors' Agents, etc.

AUTHORS should send for particulars of The Eldon Literary
Service, which reduces their labours and enlarges their
markets.—Write MANAGER, ELDON LITERARY SERVICE, 30, Fleet
Street, E.C.4.THE AUTHORS' ALLIANCE are prepared to consider and
place MSS. for early publication. Literary work of all
kinds dealt with by experts who place Authors' interests first.
Twenty years' experience. Please note new address: 93 and 94,
CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Rest & Holidays

EASTBOURNE.—First-class Vegetarian Guest House. Best
locality, three minutes sea. A bright winter home. Tariff,
with photos, on application.—MRS. ROGERS (cookery diploma),
2, Jevington Gardens.BOAR'S HILL, OXFORD.—Paying Guests received by graduate.
Near 'bus. Large garden.—Write UPLANDS, Boar's Hill.

Miscellaneous

WAR MEMORIAL TABLETS, HAND-MADE METALWORK,
BOOKPLATES, etc., executed from exclusive designs by
OSBORNE, Artist-Craftsmen, 27, Eastcastle Street, Oxford Street,
London, W.1. Send for booklet 38.INDEXING, etc.—Trained, experienced worker, B.A., Lond.,
good knowledge French, seeks work.—Box 1319, ATHENÆUM,
170, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK

A fresh handling of the subject, with many distinctive features.

A SHORT

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

BY

RAMSAY MUIR

Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester.

VOL. I.

THE ISLANDS AND THE FIRST EMPIRE (TO 1763).

Medium Octavo, 824 pages, with Chronological Index. Cloth Boards, 17s. 6d. net.

The story of the British Commonwealth, regarded as a single whole, but also as a part of the greater commonwealth of Western civilisation. The story of a number of peoples gradually learning to live together in a free partnership, inspired by their common enjoyment of the institutions of political liberty.

To be followed by a Second Volume of similar dimensions which will bring the story down to the GREAT WAR.

PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.

"A standard work both for reading and for reference; he (Professor Muir) has an excellent narrative style, a gift of lucid exposition, and powers of interpretation and suggestion. A book of this kind has been badly wanted, and the need has been amply supplied."—*Glasgow Herald.*

A COMPANION VOLUME TO THIS WORK IS

PHILIPS' HISTORICAL ATLAS FOR STUDENTS By RAMSAY MUIR, M.A.

154 Coloured Maps and Diagrams, etc., etc. Size 9 by 5½ inches, cloth, 10s. net, Quarter-leather, 13s. 6d. net.

GEORGE PHILIP & SON, Ltd., 32 Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

JOHN MASEFIELD'S NEW POEM

Right Royal

The Story of a Steeplechase.

"It is the 'right' story, the story that we always want to read about horse-racing . . . the old tale in new glory."—*The Times.*

Cr. 8vo., 6s. Edition de luxe, 25s., limited to 500 copies. Signed and numbered.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S NEW NOVEL

In Chancery

Cr. 8vo.

9s.

"Once more Mr. Galsworthy shows his quiet mastery . . . once more he lights up his sober fabric with the golden thread of bear" —*The Times.*

WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

Learn the Secrets of Successful Writers!

Join the ranks of well-paid contributors. Interesting booklet free on request. Describes our unique postal course—how to write, what to write about, where to sell. Make your spare hours profitable: earn while you learn! Editorial guidance and free advisor service for students. Real training.

THE REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 153), 22, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

COLLINS

48, PALL MALL, S.W.1.

From the Unconscious to the Conscious 17/6 net.

By Dr. GUSTAVE GELEY, Director of the International Metapsychical Institute, Paris. Illustrated with photos by the Author. Demy 8vo.

A book on the subject of the day, considered in France of almost equal importance to Darwin's "Origin of Species."

Mr. Balfour (Second Impression)

By E. T. RAYMOND, Author of "Uncensored Celebrities," etc. 12s. 6d. net.

"Brilliantly clever . . . a shrewd judgment as well as a sharp tongue."—*Times Lit. Supplement.*

"The interest and the irony never slacken for a scene, especially the irony."—*Times.*

When Labour Rules

By the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P. 10s. net.

"An excellent statement of Labour's case—vigorous, wholly human, passionate in sympathy, and lofty in idealism."—*Times.*

MAUNSEL

THREE NEW BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED

SERMONS BY CANON SHEEHAN
(Author of *My New Curate*, etc.). Edited with a Preface by Rev. M. J. PHELAN, S.J. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

HOLY ROMANS. THE STORY OF A YOUNG IRISHMAN. A Novel by AODH DE BLÁCAM. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE.
By SEAMUS BURKE, T.D., B.L. With an Introduction by DARRELL FIGGIS. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

Complete Catalogue and announcement list of forthcoming publications will be sent on application.

MAUNSEL & CO. LTD.

50 Lower Baggot Street, Dublin & 40 Museum Street, London.

TWO NOTABLE BOOKS OF REMARKABLE INTEREST TO-DAY.

THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD Price 5/-

An answer to the world problem which faces human society universally, and of supreme interest and importance at the present time.

THE RISE & CONSUMMATION OF THE ÆON Price 6/-

A book that will stagger many minds but will enlighten all thinking people who seriously contemplate the present day with fear and suspense.

BOTH BOOKS by the Rev. HOLDEN EDWARD SAMPSON, Author of "Progressive Creation," "Progressive Redemption," "Theou Sophia," etc.

Obtainable from the Publishers: W. RIDER & SON, LTD., 8-11, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4., or direct from the Author: 13, St. Alban's Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Appointments Vacant

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

THE Education Committee invite APPLICATIONS for the following POSTS for the term commencing in January next: **WAVERLEY ROAD SECONDARY SCHOOL (MIXED).** CHIEF ASSISTANT MISTRESS. Principal subjects, French and German.

GEORGE DIXON SECONDARY SCHOOL (BOYS). ASSISTANT MASTER. Principal subject, Geography; subsidiary subject, English.

ERDINGTON SECONDARY SCHOOL (GIRLS). ASSISTANT MISTRESS (with special qualifications in Geography).

Forms of application and copies of the present scale of salaries may be obtained from the undersigned. At present there is a war bonus as follows:—

	Men.	Women.
If salary does not exceed £199 per annum	£74	£66
If salary exceeds £199 per annum	£78	£70

The scale is, however, now under revision.

Applications must be sent in immediately to the undersigned.

P. D. INNES,

Chief Education Officer.

Education Office, Council House, Margaret Street.

LONDON ORPHAN SCHOOL (GIRLS), WATFORD.

WANTED, in January:

(1) RESIDENT ASSISTANT MISTRESS, to teach English throughout the School, and some Scripture. Experience essential. Degree desirable.

(2) RESIDENT MUSIC MISTRESS. Pianoforte, Class Singing, Ear Training. Experienced, well qualified. Churchwomen. Salary in each case according to qualifications and experience. The School is recognized as an "Efficient Secondary School."

Apply to the HEAD MISTRESS.

WHITELANDS COLLEGE, CHELSEA, S.W.3.

WANTED, for January, a RESIDENT BURSAR (woman), to take charge of the domestic organization of the College, Salary according to qualifications and experience.—For particulars apply to the SECRETARY before November 27.

DERBY PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

WANTED—SENIOR ASSISTANT.—Commencing salary (inclusive) £225. Open Access Library experience essential. Preference will be given to applicants holding Library Association Certificates, particularly in Classification and Cataloguing. Applications, accompanied by not more than three recent testimonials, stating age, qualifications and experience, endorsed "Assistant," to be addressed to THE CHAIRMAN, Public Libraries Committee, Wardwick, Derby, for delivery not later than first post Monday, November 29 next.

W. H. WALTON, Director.

Central Libraries, Derby.

BANSTEAD, SURREY.

REQUIRED, in January, UNIVERSITY GRADUATE. Gentlewoman essential. Resident post. Girls' boarding school worked on unusual lines. Subjects required, English, some Latin.—Apply, stating salary required, to Miss MASON, The Lodge, Banstead, Surrey (only 14 miles from London).

DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL. EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

WHOLE-TIME LIBRARIAN is required for the County Library. Preference will be given to an ex-service man or ex-service woman with service overseas. Previous experience in Library work essential. Salary £250 per annum.

Forms of application, which must be returned completed not later than 30th November, 1920, may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Education Office, Dorchester.

Appointments Wanted

ENGLISH LADY (25) seeks WORK in London, where her sound general education and thorough knowledge of French, German and Dutch will be useful. Expert typist and indexer. Good previous experience, business and literary. Highest references.—Box 1326 ATHENÆUM Office, 170, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

LIBRARIAN (Fellow of Library Association) could supervise (3 hours daily), Scientific, Private, or Club Library in London.—Box 1325, ATHENÆUM, 170, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Sales by Auction

LORD TAUNTON HEIRLOOMS. VALUABLE BOOKS.

Messrs. SOTHEY, WILKINSON & HODGE will SELL by AUCTION, at their large Galleries, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, W.1, on Thursday, December 2, and following day, at 1 o'clock precisely:

VALUABLE BOOKS, selected from the Library at Quantock Lodge, Bridgwater, the Property of E. A. V. Stanley, Esq., including the extremely rare first issue of the first edition of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, 1605; the excessively rare "Briefe and true report of the New Found Land of Virginia," by Thomas Hariot, 1590; collections of De Bry's Voyages, in 13 volumes; of the Works of Daniel Defoe, in 77 volumes, the majority First Editions; of the Comedies of Lope de Vega, in 44 volumes; Horace Walpole's Collections of XVIIIth Century Poems, in 22 volumes, and of XVIIIth Century Tracts, in 59 volumes, with his manuscript notes; XVIIIth Century French Illustrated Books; fine old French Morocco Bindings, &c. May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had. Illustrated catalogues, with 5 Plates, price 2s. 6d.

JOURNAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES. No. 274.—October, 1920.—Price 5s.

CONTENTS.

Newton's Interpolation Formulas. Further Notes by Duncan C. Fraser, M.A., F.I.A.

A Note on Mr. King's method of Graduation and its relation to Graphic Method. By G. Udny Yule, M.A., C.B.E.

Actuarial Aspects of Industrial Assurance, with special reference to the Report of the Departmental Committee on the Business of Industrial Assurance Companies and Collecting Societies; abstract of the Discussion on the preceding.

Stirling's approximate formula for $n!$

Legal Notes. By William Charles Sharman, F.I.A., Barrister-at-Law.

Actuarial Note:

On obtaining values of Life Annuities at isolated rates of interest.

By E. H. Lever, F.I.A., of the Prudential Assurance Company.

Reviews.

Correspondence.

The Institute of Actuaries.

London: C. & E. LAYTON, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

THE CHURCH ARMY SEEKS THE OUTCAST

Hundreds of trained
Evangelists at work

THE CHURCH ARMY

IS THE PRISONER'S FRIEND
In and out of gaol.

THE CHURCH ARMY

escorts BEREAVED PILGRIMS to
war graves in France and Flanders.

THE CHURCH ARMY

cares for PRISONERS' FAMILIES,
Saves Break-up of Homes.

THE CHURCH ARMY

conducts Work Rooms for
DESTITUTE WOMEN

THE CHURCH ARMY

maintains MEDICAL MISSIONS
for the poorest of the poor.

THE CHURCH ARMY

carries Comfort and Cheer to
DISTRESSED IN SLUMS.

The CHURCH ARMY
Implores your Help
for the above and many other branches
of Social Evangelistic Effort.

Contributions (crossed Barclays a/c Church Army) gratefully welcomed by Prebendary CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

The Ludgate Book Saloon

Books which are a constant source of pleasure are to be found in the Book Saloon of our Establishment. The Management endeavours to provide the widest possible selection of books suitable for family reading, including the most recent literature of general interest, and a good, extensive, and representative collection of modern fiction. The more serious literature also finds a place on our shelves, and those who wish to keep themselves informed on the great questions of the day, and to be in touch with the most recent publications on discovery and travel, will find in our stock much to interest. Visitors are free to range over the shelves of the Saloon without interruption. Special attention is devoted to the provision of Gift and Reward Books, in the selection of which great assistance will be found by the perusal of The London Guide to Literature for Young People. Price 6d.; postage 1d.

W. J. BUTCHER,
2 & 3, Ludgate Circus Buildings,
LONDON, E.C. 4.

General Business Manager:
Mr. E. W. MORTON GEORGE,
to whom all communications
should be addressed.

Telephones: City 4914 & 4915.
Telegrams: Metodico, Cent.
Phone, London.
Codes: A.B.C. 4th, 5th & 6th Eds.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

—the Gift for friends abroad

What more appropriate gift to strengthen the ties of friendship than a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen? Made for a lifetime of daily use, it is everything that an overseas gift should be—a constant reminder of the kindly thought that prompted it. Waterman's Ideal is easy to buy and is supplied in box for despatching by post.

Three types: "Safety" and "Self-Filling," from 17/6; "Regular" from 12/6. Specially recommended, No. 54 "Self-Filling," and No. 44 "Safety," with extra large nib, at 22/6. Presentation Pens in Silver and Gold. Nibs to suit all hands (exchanged gratis if not quite right). Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.



Write for
Illustrated
List—

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2

NOW READY A GUIDE TO THE EDUCATION ACT (1918)

BY
K. E. T. WILKINSON
B.A., LL.B., Chairman of the
York Education Committee

FOURTH EDITION
REVISED & CONSIDERABLY
ENLARGED

PRICE, NET 3/6 POSTAGE 3d.

THIS "Guide," which has fully demonstrated its usefulness through three editions, has now been considerably extended in many sections, and revised to date in the light of the experience gained during the preparation of the much-canvassed Scheme of Education for the City of York. In addition to all the clauses of the Act appertaining directly to Elementary Education, it now deals with Adult Education, the Employment of Children and Young Persons, Secondary Schools, etc.

"Invaluable . . . the best exposition of the Act we have seen."
—Publishers' Circular.

"Mr. Wilkinson may be congratulated upon a good piece of work. . . . We commend this conveniently arranged guide to the notice of schoolmasters and others."—*Journal of Education*.

"Well-thought-out Handbook. . . . Local authorities and teachers should find this exposition very helpful."—*Education*.

ATHENÆUM LITERATURE DEPT.
10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. 2.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

EDITH WHARTON.

In this striking picture of high society thirty years ago Mrs. Wharton tells her story with witty phrase and epigram. This new long novel contains some of her best work, and will be welcomed by all lovers of real literature.

THE PORTYGEE.

J. O. LINCOLN.

A novel to be read and enjoyed by every member of the family. It is the story of a youth whose Bohemian ways of living clash with the old-world ideas of his practical grandfather.

A CRY OF YOUTH.

CYNTHIA LOMBARDI.

An unusual novel by a new author. The love affairs of an Italian aristocrat and an American girl set in the beautiful surroundings of the Italian mountains.

THE CRIMSON TIDE.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

A stimulating and cleverly-written story of love and adventure in Russia and New York, in the author's most picturesque and exciting vein. Will rank with the best work of Robert W. Chambers.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Edited by COMTE FLEURY.

Two volumes, cloth. Demy 8vo. 1,050 pages. Gilt top-boxed. 35s. net.

Compiled from private documents and personal letters of General Fleury, M. Pietri, Prince Victor Napoleon and other members of the Court of the Second Empire. A fascinating biography of the late Empress.

GOD'S SMILE.

JULIUS MAGNUSSEN.

Cloth. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"We shall whisper this truth to those whose eyes are blinded with tears: 'God smiles to the world.'" An amazing human document on recent psychical phenomena by the author of the successful play "His Only Wife." The Danish edition of this work ran through ten editions in one month, and it has created a furore throughout Europe.

SONGS IN THE COMMON CHORD.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Cloth. Cr. 8vo. 296 pages. 7s. 6d. net.

A collection of simple poems, selected from the best of Mrs. Barr's verse.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE GREAT WAR.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Cloth. Small Cr. 8vo. 434 pages. 10s. 6d. net.

Discusses the most remarkable of the French books published during the war, with chapters on poetry and the drama.

MORALE.

G. STANLEY HALL.

Cloth. Demy 8vo. 380 pages. 15s. net.

G. Stanley Hall, one of our foremost thinkers and writers, shows that morale is the standard by which to measure all human conduct and institutions.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

WALT WHITMAN.

Gilt top. Silk marker. 15s. net.

The only complete edition of Walt Whitman's poetry.

Complete List on application.

D. APPLETON & Co.
25. BEDFORD STREET, LONDON.



J. M. Dent & Sons' NEW BOOKS

W. H. HUDSON

"Mr. Hudson is more than a naturalist. He is a man of genius who transmutes lead into gold—the lead of knowledge into the gold of feeling . . . a nightingale naturalist with a voice that throbs in waves of magical melody."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

His New Book is entitled

Birds of La Plata

In 2 volumes. With 22 Coloured Plates by H. GRONVOLD. Royal 8vo. 37/6 net

"A series of studies of more than 200 species, rich in the characteristic charm of Mr. Hudson's writing."—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

"The whole book is a truthful romance."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

¶ Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons also publish other books by Mr. Hudson, including his famous autobiographical sketch, "Far Away and Long Ago," and "Birds in Town and Village." Write for "Hudson Prospectus."

ALPHA-of-the-PLOUGH

"Is, in the best sense of the words, everybody's essayist. His only clique is humanity. . . . He is one of those authors who give us the sense of good company."—ROBERT LYND in the "DAILY NEWS."

Windfalls

Illustrated by CLIVE GARDINER. 6/- net

"These windfalls are sweet morsels of writing. Alpha has been compared with Elia; more aptly, perhaps, he might be compared with Stevenson."—EVENING STANDARD.

¶ Messrs. Dent also issue "Alpha of the Plough's" two earlier volumes, "Pebbles on the Shore" and "Leaves in the Wind," in a uniform edition with this new volume.

JOSEPH CONRAD

"There is no name in modern literature that suggests such magical horizons as the name of Mr. Conrad. His creative energy can call up the very images of desire, and his power of poetic visualisation gives . . . an intensity of reality, an eloquence of appeal, that astonishes the reader afresh in each one of his books."—NEW STATESMAN.

The Rescue

Crown 8vo. 9/- net

"Probably the greatest novel of the year. . . . Conrad at his unapproachable best."—PUNCH.

¶ Messrs. Dent also issue seven of Mr. Conrad's books in a uniform edition. Each 6s. 6d. net. Write for special Conrad Prospectus which contains a short sketch of his career and full particulars of the above books.

EVELYN UNDERHILL

"Is not only a fine writer, but a popular writer. She can interest those whom she calls 'normal people' in mysticism as few living writers can."—DAILY NEWS.

The Essentials of Mysticism

Crown 8vo. 8/6 net

"There is nothing but gratitude and delight to express at this very impressive and stimulating exposition."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

WRITE FOR AUTUMN LIST
12, ALDINE HOUSE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

CONTENTS

NOTES AND COMMENTS 687	OUR LIBRARY TABLE: The Ritchies in India—Noel Dyson Williams— Notes on "A New English Dictionary"— Occultists and Mystics—The A.B.C. of Occultism—A Village Sermon—Dr. Joly's Reminiscences and Anticipations ... 695-696	MUSIC: Supply and Demand 703 Concerts 704 The Piano-Player 704
SHORT STORY: THE HIDDEN BEAST, by J. D. Beresford 688	MARGINALIA 697 NOVELS IN BRIEF 698 A HUNDRED YEARS AGO 698 LITERARY GOSSIP 699 BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES 699	DRAMA: The Theatre in America 705
POETRY: Outline of History, by Edgell Rickword ... 689	SCIENCE: A Physicist on Physics, Part II. 700 Societies 701 Forthcoming Meetings 701	CORRESPONDENCE: Scott and Shelley—German Book-Prices— Lamb Bibliography—Dickens and Chancery Lane—Tolstoy's Works 706-707
REVIEWS: Mr. Wells' "Outline" 690 Princes of the Old World 691 Mr. Masfield's Steeplechase 692 Homage to Ruskin 692 Thinking Black 693 A Russian Statesman 693 Old Writers and New 694 Mr. Russell on Bolshevism 695	FINE ARTS: Practical Furniture 702 Exhibitions of the Week 702	FOREIGN LITERATURE: Letters from Germany; II. The Tradition of German Music, by Edward J. Dent ... 707 Gaspard de la Nuit 708 Verhaeren 709 THE WEEK'S BOOKS 710-711

(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE past week has brought with it one great event, the publication of Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem, "And there was a Great Calm," in the supplement of *The Times* on Armistice Day, November 11. It is a wonderful, unforgettable poem, with strange beauties and strange solemnities as of a voice coming from a height, yet not remote. Or rather its remoteness is that of the secret soul of every man who has thought long and honestly about the war. Mr. Hardy can speak for all that is noble in England as no poet since Wordsworth has been able. The voice of resignation and pity in his poem should sound like a trumpet to the soul of the nation.

* * * *

Nothing can be more truly inspiring to a people than the knowledge that a great man dares to face the truth on its behalf. How pitiful it was, therefore, to find *The Times* endeavouring to set genius right!

The Sinister Spirit sneered: "It had to be";
And again the Spirit of Pity whispered: "Why?"

The Times knew why. But perhaps that is because the Spirit of Pity is not in *The Times*. But even if it did know why, it should not have spoken then. Still less should it have permitted or employed some poetaster to write a jargonic reply to Mr. Hardy on the following day. Can we not even at this eleventh hour see that a great man has a right to our reverence? Even if we do not agree with him, can we not understand that his voice will move men to depths that argument leaves untroubled? Can we not understand that it is good, wholly good, that a nation should be moved to its depths, and that the men who can move these depths are greater than kings and ministers?

The appearance of this poem by Mr. Hardy comes to emphasize the grievous nature of the blunder made by the Swedish Academy in refusing him one of the Nobel Prizes for Literature. It is now officially announced that the prize for 1920 has been awarded to Knut Hamsun, as was anticipated, and that for 1919 to Carl Spitteler, a meritorious but entirely second-rate Swiss poet. The latter award is so ridiculous that it cannot fail to give a blow to the prestige of the Swedish Academy. It is at least some satisfaction to ourselves that three of the chief Swedish newspapers protest that the award was not made to England. "It will be a bitter disappointment," says the *Stockholm Tidning*, "that a 75-year-old Swiss poet of no international importance has been preferred to the grand old man of English literature, Thomas Hardy." The disappointment is, indeed, not very great. Mr. Hardy would have given distinction to the Nobel Prize, not the Nobel Prize to Mr. Hardy. So long as neither Mr. Hardy nor M. Anatole France has received it, the Nobel Prize and those who award it will remain merely parochial.

* * * *

We have to congratulate Professor Soddy on his courageous stand against the employment of English men of science in peace-time on the work of devising further chemical weapons of war. It is not the first time that Professor Soddy has revealed himself as a man of science with an awareness of the responsibility of his calling. There are too few of them. We congratulate him likewise on his protest against the making over of scientific discoveries, achieved by the aid of public money for the public welfare, to private companies worked for profit. His indictment of the policy of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research calls for an immediate and

detailed reply. His charge that the Government has capitulated to the big business interests should be investigated without delay by the House of Commons. But there is reason to believe that the House of Commons cares for none of these things.

* * * *

We are sorry to hear that the excellent Everyman Theatre of Hampstead is in danger of being forced to close down. The position is this. The cost of the works necessary to secure the L.C.C. licence was £10,000, of which friends of the enterprise supplied £6,000. The remaining capital debt of £4,000 is being pressed for. Mr. Macdermott states that, if this debt were wiped off, it would be just possible to make the theatre pay its way and at the same time improve the standard of its productions, which, as our readers know, is in some cases already high. If, however, the money is not immediately forthcoming, the theatre will be compelled to close within the next two or three weeks. The actual amount required—since Mr. Macdermott's friends have agreed to meet a certain portion of the debt—is about £3,000. We earnestly commend the appeal to the attention of our readers.

* * * *

The reply of Mr. Chapman, the Secretary to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, to Sir Sidney Lee's condemnation of the manner in which the "Dictionary of National Biography" is being handled by its new publishers, is, as we anticipated, full and convincing. Mr. Chapman deals kindly with Sir Sidney when he speaks of "his willingness to find the publishers in the wrong"; for the reply shows that one of the main counts in Sir Sidney Lee's indictment—that the reissue of the "Supplement" has not been consecutively pagged—is curiously misleading. The flimsiness of the whole case against the Clarendon Press is, however, less striking than its general unreasonableness. Sir Sidney Lee demands a standard of efficiency which would hardly have been possible before the war, but is out of the question to-day.

* * * *

The facts are these. The D. N. B. exists in the form of stereotyped plates. The corrections that can be made to stereotyped plates are extremely limited; to make the possible corrections would mean that perhaps three-quarters of the errors would have to remain. The only way in which a systematic revision of the D. N. B. could be carried through is by resetting the whole of the work. The cost of this and the labour of revision would be about £100,000. As the sale of the Dictionary since 1910 has averaged about 100 copies per annum, to spend so much money would be merely foolhardy; it would paralyse the beneficent activities of the Press. The D. N. B. is a great institution, but the Oxford Press is a greater. It is infinitely more important that the Oxford Press should continue its work in maintaining the unique standard of disinterested publishing which has won it the loyalty of every man who knows a good book from a bad, than that the D. N. B. should be made word-perfect. We are inclined to wonder whether, if the Oxford Press had had the D. N. B. from the beginning, so many corrections would now be found desirable.

THE HIDDEN BEAST

His house is the last in the village. Towards the forest the houses become more and more scattered, reaching out to the wild of the wood as if they yearned to separate themselves from the swarm that clusters about the church and the inn. And his house has taken so long a stride from the others that it is held to the village by no more than the slender thread of a long footpath. Yet the house is set with its face towards us, and has an air of resolutely holding on to the safety of our common life; as if dismayed at its boldness in swimming so far it had turned and desperately grasped the life-line of that footpath.

He lived alone, a strange man, surly and reticent. Some said that he had a sinister look; and on those rare occasions when he joined us at the inn, after sunset, he sat aside and spoke little.

I was surprised when, as we came out of the inn one night, he took my arm and asked me if I would go home with him. The moon was at the full, and the black shadows of the dispersing crowd that lunged down the street seemed to gesticulate an alarm of weird dismay. The village was momentarily mad with the clatter of footsteps and the noise of laughter, and somewhere down towards the forest a dog was baying.

I wondered if I had not misunderstood him.

As he watched my hesitation his face pleaded with me. "There are times when a man is glad of company," he said.

We spoke little as we passed through the village towards the silences of his lonely house. But when we came to the footpath he stopped and looked back.

"I live between two worlds," he said, "the wild and . . ."—he paused before he rejected the obvious antithesis, and concluded—"the restrained."

"Are we so restrained?" I asked, staring at the huddle of black-and-silver houses clinging to their refuge on the hill.

He murmured something about a "compact," and my thoughts turned to the symbol of the chalk-white church tower that dominated the honeycomb of the village.

"The compact of public opinion," he said more boldly.

My imagination lagged. I was thinking less of him than of the transfiguration of the familiar scene before me. I did not remember ever to have studied it thus under the reflections of a full moon. An echo of his word, differently accented, drifted through my mind. I saw our life as being in truth compact, little and limited.

He took up his theme again when we had entered the house and were facing each other across the table in a room that looked out over the forest. The shutters were unfastened, the window open, and I could see how, on the further shore of the waste-lands, the light feebly ebbed and died against the black cliff of the wood.

"We have to choose between freedom and safety," he said. "The individual is too wild and dangerous for the common life. He must make his agreement with the community; submit to become a member

of the people's body. But I"—he paused and laughed—"I have taken the liberty of looking out of the back window."

While he spoke I had been aware of a sound that seemed to come from below the floor of the room in which we were sitting, the sound of a soft footstep that padded restlessly to and fro. And when he laughed I fancied that I heard the response of a snuffling cry.

He looked at me mockingly across the table.

"It's an echo from the jungle," he said. "Some trick of reflected sound. I can always hear it in this room at night."

I shivered and stood up. "I prefer the safety of our common life," I told him. "It may be that I have a limited mind and am afraid, but I find my happiness in the joys of security and shelter. The wild terrifies me."

"A limited mind?" he commented. "Probably it is rather that you lack a fire in the blood."

I was glad to leave him, and he on his part made no effort to detain me.

It was not long after this visit of mine that the people first began to whisper about him in the village. At the beginning they brought no charge against him, talking only of his strangeness and of his separation from our common interests. But presently I heard a story of some fierce wild animal that he caged and tortured in the prison of his house. One said that he had heard it screaming in the night, and another that he had heard it beating against the door. And some argued that it was a threat to our safety, since the beast might escape and make its way into the village; and some that such brutality, even though it were to a wild animal, could not be tolerated. But I wondered inwardly whether the affair were any business of ours so long as he kept the beast to himself.

I was a member of the Council that year, and so took part in the voting when presently the case was laid before us. But no vote of mine would have helped him if I had dared to overcome my reluctance and speak in his favour. For whatever reservations may have been secretly withheld by the members of the Council, they were unanimous in condemning him.

We went, six of us, in full daylight, to search his house. He received us with a laugh, and told us that we might seek at our leisure. But though we sought high and low, peering and tapping, we found no evidence that any wild thing had ever been concealed there.

And within a month of the day of our search he left the village.

I saw him alone once before he went, and he told me that he had chosen for the wild and freedom, that he could no longer endure to be held to the village even by the thread of the footpath.

But he did not thank me for having allowed the search of his house to be conducted by daylight, although he knew that I at least was sure no echo of the forest could be heard in that little room of his save in the transfigured hours between the dusk and the dawn.

J. D. BERESFORD.

Poetry

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

I.

A little shaggy creature, sullen-eyed,
From the dark entrance to his cave stared out,
And watched the moon in frozen silence glide
Above the sweating forests, and the rout
Of screaming beasts who bred, or slew, or died.

He felt that distant spirit sway the seas,
And strangely sway his sense with passionate
Forebodings of eternal ecstasies,
And, snarling at his towlsed, dirty mate,
Stamped from his den to prow among the trees.

II.

The woods were thronging with white forms of maidens
Through sunny glades and shady alleys dancing;
And sleek-haired frisky goatmen, raucous-laughtered,
From girl to girl with woodland gifts went prancing;
Light foot he roamed through countries many-watered,
Full of clear streams with silver-shining sand-beds
And lushy pastures where great beasts were feeding,
With smooth black pelts and gleaming ivoryed
foreheads.

He saw the blue stone of the night sky bleeding
Bright gout of gold, and swan-white creatures winging
Over high mountains where he could not follow.
They saddened him with faint unearthly singing
Till all his new-found world grew thin and hollow
As a glass bubble; and like moonlight shadows
The laughing dancers swept across the meadows.

III.

Flowers burgeoned out of stone, and mountains thrust
Through clouds of music their white jagged peaks;
Women, with wilder eyes and paler cheeks
Than tears give women, grew from coloured dust;
And crystal cities blossomed out of words,
With green seas foaming round their crimson walls,
With dark fern-hidden streams and snowy fells,
And throned Princesses gay as singing-birds.

IV.

Rayless and shrunken hangs the dying sun;
The leaden sky is empty, and alone
The earth swings slowly round from dusk to dusk.
Under the heavy air the mountains rust;
The stagnant rivers rot in sombre meadows;
The flowers are harsh and grey, the trees are shadows.
The lank-haired cattle shiver on the hills,
And bellow as the long night slowly falls
That freezes the live marrow in their groins
And strews the earth with silent mottled stones.
The twinkling fires break out among the cliffs
Marking the entrance to the deepest clefts,
And vague forms clumsily reel to and fro
Bearing enormous trunks, and stumble through
The smoke and flame to build up shadowy mounds
Out of the forests that have crumbled down.
The dank-haired girls, coarse limbed, with clawy hands,
Chatter together, squatting on their hams,
And dully wait for darkness, and the cold
That creeps, a thin foam-line of glittering fire,
Down from the peaks, and stiffens beast and flower
With a white covering of shining wool.
Out of the dusk it glistens, and those shapes
Creep from their fires and stagger through the earth,
Down into darkness where some warmth still hangs,

Down through the deepest tunnel, till their hands
Tear impotently at the solid rock—

Outside the flames are frozen, and the ash
Lies grey and ghastly that was once a tree
Green in the sunlight—and the cold flows on.

EDGELL RICKWORD.

REVIEWS

MR. WELLS' "OUTLINE"

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By H. G. Wells. Vol. II. (Newnes. 22s. 6d. net.)

THIS Outline, like Dante's, ends with the word "stars." "Life, for ever dying to be born afresh, for ever young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as upon a footstool and stretch out its realm among the stars," is the precise expression. Whether Love will succeed in moving such stars seems doubtful; they look unresponsive, and here and there they wink. It has been a great book, finely planned, well arranged, full of vivid historical sketches and of telling raps upon the knuckles and noses of the great, but as soon as it starts for the stars its charm decreases. We are beckoned towards a "Community of Knowledge and Will," which will replace our present "Communities of Obedience and Faith," and which will satisfy both our civic tendencies and also those nomad emotions that stir, especially at springtime, in the human breast. There are always to be Open Spaces. Why before such generous promises do we remain cold and a trifle frivolous? Why does the closing canto of the "Paradiso," theology and all, seem more practical than this municipal millennium? That the "Paradiso" is great art is only half the answer; Dante's real advantage over Mr. Wells as a prophet is that he believes in God. He who wishes to make a statement about the future that shall be these three things, complete, optimistic, convincing—he must believe in God. "News from Nowhere," to take one example, is optimistic and convincing, but it is incomplete; it has to reject such human emotions as would clash with Eternal Life beside the Upper Thames. "L'Ile des Pingouins," on the other hand, rejects nothing and is wholly convincing; but its conclusions are pessimistic. While here is Mr. Wells, complete, optimistic, but failing to convince. The globe he describes refuses to evolve into the footstool he anticipates. His method is scientific, his enthusiasms are for science, but his final deduction would only be credible if stated transcendently:

And our singing shall build
In the void's loose field
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield.

Perhaps our singing will. But our acts and the observable acts of our neighbours will not. They build Civilization.

The author might reply to this, firstly, that he does believe in God; secondly, that there are, even in the civilization of to-day, hopeful symptoms. But his "God" is only an italicizing of his own emotions; he despises mysticism; he regards Buddha and Christ as mere social revolutionaries, and the Neo-Platonists as nothing; his Invisible King is consequently but a Broken Spectre who can never have a palace of his own. While as for the hopeful symptoms that he notes in contemporary civilization: they have appeared too often in the past to inspire much comfort. For instance, he prophesies that "No European Government will ever get the same proportion of its people into the ranks and into its munition works again as the Governments of 1914-18 did." One hopes this is so, but history suggests that the present movement

against militarism is but the normal reaction after a war, and will not be transmitted to the following generation. No! Unless we can show a divine and increasing support of all that makes for righteousness, a sort of heavenly bonus on our better deeds, unless we can show with the Christian that a man shall see God, or with the Indian that he shall be God, the precious things on earth must obey the same stern and unsympathetic law that has ruled them in the past. Precious they are, and if an individual has the straight chance of dying for them and takes it, he has been lucky. But they are childless. That is their law. History reveals evolution, not progress.

If the last chapter of the "Outline" with its star-scraping is unsatisfactory, so for another reason is the last chapter but one. Its title is "The International Catastrophe of 1914." The chief events of the last six years have to be recorded, an impossible task, for no one yet knows what the chief events were. Our "own" times, as they are ironically termed, are anything but ours; it is as though a dead object, huge and incomprehensible, had fallen across the page, which no historical arts can arrange, and which bewilders us as much by its shapelessness as by its size. The writer is intelligent, tender even, but how thin his voice sounds, as he comforts President Wilson or scolds Sir Edward Carson! Not now, not yet! The chapter is, as it was bound to be, journalist jottings, which a new fact or reaction will erase. Nor is Mr. Wells the best journalist obtainable. In 1914 he lost his head and wrote hysterical letters to the newspapers, and when he recovered, he never used his high position to expose the catchwords or moderate the passions of the mob. The instinct for safety (least amiable feature in his complex character) seems to have dominated him. Bernard Shaw, his intellectual and moral superior, lacks that instinct, and consequently Shaw to-day is discredited, while Wells has increased his popularity, and quite wiped out in "Mr. Britling" any suspicions that were roused by "Ann Veronica." Not out of such stuff is a reliable contemporary historian made. Throughout the chapter, we feel that for all his big words he is never ahead of the age, e.g., that he would not damn the Peace of Versailles unless the reception of Mr. Keynes' book had indicated which way the wind is blowing.

The nine preceding chapters deal with the past, and continue the scheme and spirit of the first volume. That volume has already been favourably reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM (July 2 and 9 last), and there is no reason to modify the praise there given.

Here is a sympathetic account of Islam and of the great non-Christian empires that began to form in Asia in the thirteenth century and threatened Europe for three hundred years. The treatment of the Middle Ages and Renaissance is perhaps less successful; and with the seventeenth century Mr. Wells' personal objection to autocracy gets out of hand, so that a long series of monarchs are smacked in rather a monotonous way. An odious century, but corporal chastisement is unprofitable, and all through the eighteenth century (so much less odious) the sound of smacking continues. It is pleasant to sail for America, where the writer is again in harmony with his subject; with the American and French Republics a new hope enters Western society. After Napoleon (we will return to Napoleon in a moment) comes the finest and most thoughtful chapter in the book, "The Realities and Imaginations of the Nineteenth Century." The reality is the sudden growth of science, which politicians ignore, pursuing misty or antiquated aims, and neglecting the three problems confronting the new age, the problems of Property, Currency, and International Relationship. Autocracy has been scotched, but a new idol, the anthropomorphic nation, takes its place. Men are taught that England and Germany have feelings and even faces and feet; Mr. Gladstone talks for three hours to Mr. Darwin

* A one-volume edition of the "Outline" has been published by Messrs. Cassell at 21s.

about the wrongs of Bulgaria. Each nation claims absolute sovereignty, and as Mr. Wells points out, until that claim is modified there can be no security or liberty for the individual. Here he has certainly laid his finger on the most pernicious of our ideals; whether science will persuade us to abandon it is another question and one which he does not face. Science might be an educative force, but who is to educate our scientists? They have shown few signs of educating themselves. Though they hold the politicians in the hollow of their hands, and could cripple modern warfare by refusing to research into poison gas or explosives, they have hitherto acquiesced like prostitutes and recriminated like theologians, refusing nothing, and then erasing from their sacred books the names of the scientists who have been researching on the other side. Mr. Wells fails to bring out this point. It is all very well to blame Mr. Gladstone for his indifference to Darwin, but the indifference of scientists to Humanity is far more sinister. They come out of their laboratories as they went into them, uneducated, with neither the strength nor wish to say "No" to a War Office and its beastly demands.

It is instructive to study his optimism when it reels under a shock, and a shock is provided by the career of Napoleon. Kings, educated in a bad tradition, he can understand, but Napoleon, educated by the Republic, yet subverting it, is more than he can bear, and he explodes with wrath. He greets the Emperor as "this dark little archaic personage, hard, compact, capable, unscrupulous, imitative and neatly vulgar," who made the frontiers of Europe "wave about like garments on a clothes-line on a windy day," and ends by "prowling about a dismal hot island shooting birds." His victories, his Code, are belittled. Twice we are told that his mother birched him, not once that his Egyptian adventure produced the "Description de l'Egypte," a scientific cyclopædia which under other auspices would certainly have roused Wells' enthusiasm. Napoleon is a terrible irritant. He upset Tolstoy likewise, he unhinged Mr. Walsingham in "Kippis." But he was a great man; it is unfair to minimize him because he interrupts one's hopes for the development of mankind.

However, this article must conclude with praise, indeed with homage; the "Outline" as a whole is a wonderful achievement, and nothing in our generation is likely to supersede it. The inaccuracies of which experts complain, and the æsthetic blindness that distresses the cultured, are outweighed by the lucidity of the plan, the vitality of the execution, and the ceaseless pouncing intelligence of H. G. W. which brings something to the surface in every century, even if it isn't the most important thing. "Standard Italian dates from Dante (1300)." This may be a hard saying for some of us, for it is the only reference to Dante in all the seven hundred pages! Mr. Wells' ideas of what is supreme in human achievement can therefore never coincide with ours. But we must take what he can give us, and it is what no other historian has given—a survey of Life from the Palæozoic age to our own, which will help each, according to his vision, *a riveder le stelle*.

E. M. F.

"A THOUGHT BOOK ON THE SOCRATIC METHOD," edited by T. Sharper Knowlson (Laurie, 7s. 6d. net), is, on the whole, a valuable little book. At the head of each page is a pregnant sentence from a famous author, and below it are set four questions examining the sentence, with a convenient space for the reader's replies beside. Mr. Knowlson's selection is really very good, and his questions to the point. But at times he seems to assume a knowledge in his reader which he is not likely to possess. For instance, the first question under the sentence (which is, by the way, very badly misquoted), "Poetry is more philosophic and more serious than History," is, "Then why did Plato, who knew more of poetry than most people, exclude it from his ideal Republic?" We suspect that the readers of this book will reply, "Ask us another."

PRINCES OF THE OLD WORLD

FRANCIS AND RIVERSDALE GRENFELL: A MEMOIR. By John Buchan. (Nelson. 15s. net.)

SINCE the war, when the best were first in the field and so large a proportion of the best were killed, there have been published a number of biographies and memoirs of young men of charm and promise who made the sacrifice. None that we have seen leaves a stronger impression of brightness and of youthful happiness and vigour than this. The cynic may grumble that humbler men died equally gallant but unrecorded deaths. Let him grumble. It is because these twin brothers shed as they moved a charm that affected old and young, great and humble, that they are recorded. They were lucky in their position and lucky in their charm. But who makes a name without luck of some sort?

One of their many attractive characteristics was an ingenious steadfastness of purpose. They had gone through Eton without acquiring much learning, but Francis had been in the Eleven and Master of the Beagles, Rivy Whip, and both members of "Pop." Suddenly in manhood they discovered there were certain other things in life. So they began to educate themselves, or rather Rivy, the civilian in the City, began to educate himself and also Francis, the soldier abroad, over whom he always exercised a fatherly care. Rivy writes to Francis:

Since June 1 I've read Macaulay's essays on Chatham, Clive, and Warren Hastings. Then an excellent book, "Map of Life," by Lecky; Bacon's "Essays"; "Life of Napoleon," by Rose, and "Last Phase," by Rosebery. I have also finished "Life of Macaulay"—most interesting. I've always wondered how our great politicians and literary chaps lived . . . I also send you a Shakespeare. I learned Antony's harangue to the Romans after Cæsar's death by heart. I am also trying to learn a little about electricity and railroad organization, so have my time filled up. I tried to buy Moltke's "Life," but it is 25s. "Pickwick Papers." I also send you. I have always avoided these sort of books, but Dickens's works are miles funnier than the rotten novels one now sees.

Nothing is more amusing than his chiding of Francis for his passion for polo and steeplechasing, which took him from his books, at a time when he himself was contriving to become known as the best polo-player of his years in London. Francis was perhaps the shrewder and wittier. His notes on the French manoeuvres show him to have had the soldier's eye, and what could be sounder than this comment during a visit to Germany.

They seem to be exactly opposed to the French, who appear excited, but act coolly. These people appear very stolid, but get desperately excited the moment anything occurs.

And, despite his lack of education, he had brains enough to qualify for the Staff College, taking the examination while he was too young for a nomination.

The extraordinary likeness of the twins, which had caused their mother to mix them up in childhood, was the complement of an affection almost mystical. Each seemed to know when it was going ill with the other. And after Rivy's death, Francis, who had won one of the most remarkable Victoria Crosses of the war in saving the guns at Audregnies, was shorn, as it were, of half his personality. After the long convalescence from his second wound he recovered himself to some extent, and returned to France as good a soldier as ever, but a changed man. He was killed at the beginning of that extraordinary action fought by the 9th Lancers in the last gas attack of the Second Battle of Ypres, which ended that battle. The troops on the left had fallen back. Francis, calling gaily, "Who's afraid of a few dashed Huns?" was making a trench to defend the flank when he was shot, and died almost at once. He had, however, time to send his own squadron the message: "Tell them I died happy, loving them all."

C. F.

MR. MASEFIELD'S STEEPLE-CHASE

RIGHT ROYAL. By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

MR. MASEFIELD'S story is of "Charles Cothill and the golden lady Em." Cothill is to ride his Right Royal in the English 'Chasers Cup. Just before the race he tells Em that he has sinned, as on the strength of a dream which assured him that it was Right Royal's day he has backed himself with his last halfpenny to win. The trainer is inclined, however, to think (on the strength of Right Royal's disgraceful past) that Mr. Cothill has lost his reason and is about to lose a large sum of money. Even the news that Cothill has arranged for him to win a thousand does not remove this suspicion. The race begins. At the third jump Right Royal kisses the ground and loses thirty lengths, so that, after once round the course, Charles passes Em game but last. And now it begins to be Right Royal's day. Accidents and natural defects thin and tail out the field; but Cothill restrains himself and the bay. At the critical moment he takes charge; the race is between Soyland, Lopez, Right Royal; is Right Royal's; Gavotte is spurred ahead, falls away, and Right Royal has it by half a length. What follows is mere postscript; the taker disappears and Cothill never gets his winnings. On the other hand, he marries Em.

It will be acknowledged that the preliminaries of the race, the discussions in the stables, the professional tips and omens, the catalogue of the entries, are sandy soil for the growth of poetry; the artificiality of the jargon and the business seem incapable of any dignity. It is not Mr. Masefield's fault (barring what we consider the original fault of plan) that his opening pages often give nothing better than this:

He was placed, bad third, in the Blowbury Cup,
And second at Tew with Kingston up.
He sulked at Folkestone, he funk'd at Speen,
He baulked at the ditch at Hampton Green.

This is literal, perhaps, but thin as everyday small-talk usually is. Nor actually does the spreading out of this thin sand over a good many pages attract the reader to whatever warm green meadows may lie beyond.

Somewhat heavily laden we reach at last the assembling crowd, where Mr. Masefield for the first time over a few lines gives Poetry her opportunity, Hogarthian enough—perhaps Hogarth could even have cut us to the heart in the stables just now. Here, the shifting, noisy, daredevil, contrasting characters of the course, the no less kaleidoscopic horses and donkeys and tandems and motors, the knavery, great expectations, pandemonium, all the bright momentary woolgathering of life, make up one of those spectacles which Mr. Masefield is so quick in catching and so spirited in recording.

Mr. Masefield has, if we may use the word, graduated his metre and his poetic quality throughout this poem, not always without unnecessary jolting. The finest passage is that where he lets the Muse carry him as Cothill lets Right Royal; an extraordinary profusion of similes and metaphors throng upon him in no uncertain beauty; the poetic craftsmanship shows itself more instinctively; the glory of his steeplechase reveals itself—

... as fire on a hillside, by happy boys kindled,
That has burnt black a heath-tuft, scorcht a bramble, and dwindled,
Blown by wind yet arises in a wave of flogged flame,
So the souls of these horses to the testing time came.

The best of the poem has no relation to the worst; the worst might have been sacrificed. Even in the best are imperfections, but we have learnt to swallow Mr. Masefield's longer poems without straining at the gnats. The camel at the beginning, nevertheless, was more than we could manage.

E. B.

HOMAGE TO RUSKIN

RUSKIN THE PROPHET, AND OTHER CENTENARY STUDIES. By John Masefield, Dean Inge, Charles F. G. Masterman, and others. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE HARVEST OF RUSKIN. By John W. Graham. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE attempt to make a writer's fame shine more luminously by turning in succession each of his facets to the light succeeds better with Ruskin than perhaps with any other writer of the Victorian period. He treated almost every question of his time, and an ideal critic, to be able to do him justice, should be interested in them all. This paragon has not yet arrived, and Ruskin remains perhaps more unfortunate in the critics whom fate has sent him than any other writer. He has been treated as economist, as religious teacher, as critic, as artist, as moralist, as "prose poet," and generally, it must be confessed, in a manner amiably provincial and by people who have crotchets on political economy, religion, art, and all the other subjects. The collection of addresses edited by Mr. Whitehouse is presumably a sort of gathering of the limbs of Ruskin, in which a joint here and there is still, however, missing. "Ruskin as Prophet," a calling somewhat nebulous, is treated by Mr. Masterman, and "Ruskin as Political Economist" by Mr. J. A. Hobson. A very suggestive essay is contributed by Dean Inge upon "Ruskin and Plato"; Professor J. A. Dale writes about "Ruskin and Shakespeare"; and Mr. Whitehouse about "Ruskin and London" and "Ruskin and an Early Friendship." The volume is rounded out with "Some Memories of Ruskin," by Mr. H. W. Nevinson. And to show that Ruskin was one person as well as many—to affirm his unity in diversity—there are essays by Mr. Masefield and Mr. Binyon (the latter the best in the volume) on Ruskin as Ruskin.

In reading these tributes one realizes more than ever how much greater Ruskin was than any of his vocations. It is still possible for us to see how much of himself he brought to the questions which engaged him; how inflexibly he set his mark upon everything which came under his mind. He never accepted a truth by reference, and the authority of the Scriptures, which he occasionally invoked, was only invoked when he discovered that the Scriptures said what he had intended to say. He began his life by reading the Bible, but he ended it by reading his thoughts into it. This marvellous confidence in himself, this unquestioning practice of the Emersonian counsel, "Ask, what is it to me?" was the spring of almost all his qualities, good and bad. It gave him the courage to champion Turner, to reinstate the Gothic, and to attack academic political economy. It inspired him also to gibe carelessly at Whistler, and to write the passage on the names of Shakespeare's heroines about which Arnold chafed him. It moulded his style, which was splendid with just a little too good a conscience, and his sentiment, which was always a trifle too complacently right. Yet how often was he right and how difficult it is to be right! To recognize what is right when it is stated is mercifully a fairly common thing, but to state it is the most difficult thing in the world. And Ruskin stated it. Mr. J. A. Hobson tells us now that the economists were wrong and Ruskin right. And Mr. Binyon insists still on the validity of Ruskin's aesthetic theories, and quotes in confirmation his statement that "little else but art is moral . . . and for the words 'good' and 'wicked' used by men you may almost substitute 'makers' and 'destroyers.'"

Mr. Graham's book is mostly a popularization of Ruskin as religious leader and economist. There are quotations in abundance, and an attempt to prove that Ruskin was more than sympathetic towards the Quakers. The book, we fear, is one for Ruskinites rather than for the public.

THINKING BLACK

AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE LOYALTY GROUP. By E. Hadfield. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)

MRS. HADFIELD is the wife of a missionary, and has spent many years at Lifu, and more occasionally on the sister island of Uvea, among friendly Melanesians with whose mentality she has had full opportunity of coming into touch. She does not profess to have had an anthropological training, and possibly therefore has sometimes overlooked the need of providing us with exact information on topics so familiar to her that they seem to "go without saying." On the other hand, she is thoroughly at home with her subject, and, without the need of a conscious method, has by sheer sympathy penetrated to essentials. Not only is the social life faithfully sketched as regards its outward features, but the mental and moral traits of which it is the expression are likewise abundantly illustrated. It is on the latter side of his work that the average observer of savages is apt to be weak. It is hard for him to avoid "the psychologist's fallacy" of reading his own thoughts and feelings into others of a very different outlook, and so utterly misrepresenting the motives of their actions. Mrs. Hadfield has too much experience to make this natural, but scientifically unpardonable, mistake.

Let us take, for example, the stock charge made by white men against natives that they are incapable of gratitude. Such a charge seemed certainly to lie against the people of Uvea; for when Mr. Hadfield, their benefactor, lay ill and needed chicken-broth, they would not sell their fowls for the purpose. It turned out, however, that they were storing them up in order to pay him a visit of congratulation accompanied by gifts, should the patient recover, or, if fate willed otherwise, so as to bear a consolatory present to the widow. The amiable feelings were there; but custom directed them along channels unfamiliar to us.

Or, again, it is very hard for us to understand their sentiment of property. Clearly "thou shalt not steal" meant something to them; for thieves (in the good old days at any rate) were not only killed but eaten. On the other hand, something like a general state of communism prevailed. Besides, a chief had only to admire something and it was sent to him as a matter of course. Or, once more, your neighbours might come and help themselves to your best things, and, though they should strip you bare—so long as it was done openly—you must grin and bear it. You had, however, the right to visit them in return, and took care to spoil the spoilers in the interests of even-handed justice.

Hardest of all for us to appreciate is a moral atmosphere in which good and evil in their more striking forms are alike comprised in the notion of magical power. Everyone would like to be thought a magician and yearns to possess a *haze*—a fetish, usually a stone, that will be the slave of his will; then men will be lavish in bestowing gifts upon him. On the other hand, disease and disaster are the work of such "spirit-owners," and a witch-trial may ensue as unpleasant to the victim as such affairs usually are at every stage of culture. The psychology of the matter is the more difficult to unravel because primitive credulity is capable of co-existing with a certain amount of healthy scepticism. Sometimes a patient sees through the conjuring trick whereby the doctor professes to remove hairs, the cause of headache, from inside the head; though native surgery is not all humbug, witness their skill in trepanning. Or, again, it is generally felt that Christianity has taken away their power from the magic stones; yet some that were sent by ship to Mrs. Hadfield from New Caledonia jumped out of the sack

in which they were packed, and danced, yelled, and shouted on the deck till the crew were in self-defence obliged to throw them overboard; though, curiously enough, another set of stones were in a packing-case, all unknown to the crew, and indulged in no demonstration.

These odd excerpts must suffice to indicate the value of a study of primitive life which not only the professed anthropologist but every friend of unsophisticated humanity may read with profit.

R. R. M.

A RUSSIAN STATESMAN

THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER ISVOLSKY. Translated by Charles Louis Seeger. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

WHEN we saw that M. Isvolski's memoirs were to be published we did not expect very much: the book itself has proved a most agreeable disappointment. It is extraordinarily interesting to the student of contemporary history, and one can only deplore the fact that it is so fragmentary, and that M. Isvolski did not live to complete it as originally planned by him. The author was a *diplomate de carrière* who was Foreign Minister from 1906 to 1910 and Russian Ambassador in Paris from 1910 to 1917. He will always be remembered for the part which he played in the consolidation of the Triple Entente and for the remarkable way in which he allowed himself to be hoodwinked by Baron von Aehrenthal in 1908. Neither subject is dealt with by him in these fragmentary memoirs. They deal, however, with two other questions of great interest and importance. The second chapter is devoted to the secret treaty of Bjorkoe, and immediately reveals M. Isvolski's merits (and defects) as an autobiographical historian. In the first place he appears personally as a very charming, moderate, open-minded, and chivalrous man. At the same time he throws a good deal of light upon that extraordinary incident in 1905 when the two emperors, in the profoundest secrecy, met on the yacht "Hohenzollern" and signed a treaty of alliance between Russia and Germany. It cannot, however, be said that M. Isvolski completely explains the incident or really succeeds in his main object of clearing the Tsar's memory of the charge of duplicity and betrayal. In 1904 the Kaiser proposed this treaty to the Tsar, who refused to sign it unless it was first submitted to France. The Kaiser, of course, would not agree to that condition. In 1905 the Tsar signed the treaty without submitting it either to France or to any of his Ministers. M. Isvolski argues that Nicholas "must be absolved from any intent of treason towards France," because the alliance with Germany was not directed against France. Now it is certainly difficult to see exactly what can have been in Nicholas's head when he signed the treaty, but the facts that when first it was proposed he acted as he did, that he kept the matter completely secret from his Ministers, and that, as soon as his Ministers learned about it, they insisted upon the repudiation of the treaty, show that complete absolution cannot be given to the Tsar in this very shady transaction.

Though M. Isvolski was primarily concerned with foreign affairs, the chapters of his book which deal with the internal situation and politics of Russia are the most numerous and the most interesting. They deal with the inner history of the Goremykine and Stolypine Cabinets during the period of the first and second Dumas which followed the revolution of 1905. Here again M. Isvolski throws considerable light upon certain aspects of Russian history, but his general picture must be accepted with reserve. He has to ignore many facts, for instance, in his attempt to represent Stolypine as an ardent Liberal, among others the White terror of 1906 and 1907 and the electoral laws promulgated for the second and third Dumas.

OLD WRITERS AND NEW

MANHOOD END. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Hurst & Blackett. 8s. 6d. net.)

QUIET INTERIOR. By E. B. C. Jones. (Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. net.)

WHATEVER faults Mrs. Dudeney may possess, she cannot be accused of having kept her talent hid in a napkin. Rather, we receive the impression that the cry of rapture with which she hailed this treasure to be hers has never ceased sounding through her books. It rings again in "Manhood End," and the note is as high, as astonished, as delighted as ever. Never did a writer gloat more openly over a sweet possession; never was a writer more persistently agog to play with it. But a talent is not—as Mrs. Dudeney seems to believe—a kind of glorified toy. One may perhaps play with it—but warily—as one would play with a young lion without a keeper rather than a mechanical canary. That is not, however, nor has it been, Mrs. Dudeney's way, and the result is that after eighteen novels, after so prolonged a diet of hard bright seed, chickweed and sugar lumps, nothing remains of her lion but the colour of his feathers—he is turned into a very canary of canaries. As such he shakes, shrills, quivers, flirts through "Manhood End" without a break, without a pause, until we cannot hear the characters speak. When they do they partake of the general jerkiness. Even the plot itself is affected, and hops from perch to swing until the reader is dizzy. The scene is Sussex—a tiny village between Chichester and the sea. "If there was a coquette in the whole land of England it was this flat, sheltered bit of South Country—laughing, weeping, just as it chose."

The time is forty years ago. Freddy Rainbird, Rector of Streetway, calls himself a priest, and does not believe in marriage until he meets Sophia Lulham. Their courtship consists of conversations which culminate in a toasting party by firelight.

He watched her scramble up when her slice of bread was toasted. She buttered it, then, laughing again, sat down.
"We've got to feel for our mouths, haven't we? But mine's so big there's no risk of missing."

This curious statement, which might very well have "pierced through their perfect hour," did not prevent him from proposing. And they were married, and such was the intensity of their passion for each other they talked like this. Rainbird was in his dressing-room.

She went mischievously to the door and spoke through the keyhole.

"Bad boy! you're not washing yourself. There's isn't any splashing."

He did not answer. She spoke again.

"Freddy! you are false, you are neglectful. You said you wanted to kiss my arms, and yet you went off without even shaking hands."

After five years she had tired of this capriciousness, of "bubbling . . . with a hundred little springs of fas ination."

"Why didn't we have children? If there'd been a baby waking up to be fed! If little Johnny had a pain in his tummy; if Jane wouldn't go to sleep . . . I shouldn't have played the fool down here . . . with you two men if I'd had a nursery. Don't you see?"

So off she goes with a lover, and stays away for five years. Then she reappears and makes the coffee in her bewildering, charming way, and just when she is about to be bored again the baby saves her. But it isn't a strong baby.

She looked up wistfully. "I haven't done it quite properly, Freddy. I'm never perfect. There's always some sort of a flaw."

"What flaw?" he seemed puzzled.

"This." Her fingers moved on the fast emptying bottle.

After its death she runs again—to the East—to Bond Street—to anywhere. And her final return is to a broken Freddy who drinks coffee made from "some stuff in a tin." They die soon after, while planning another honeymoon.

It is melancholy to remember, when laying aside "Manhood End," how, years ago, when the canarification of her talent was still far from complete, we looked forward to a new book by Mrs. Dudeney.

The price of novels is a mystery. Why is it that some publishers are compelled to print their books on grey, black-haired paper, to squeeze them between the covers that used to contain "ninepennies" in the old days and to price them at nine shillings, when Mr. Cobden-Sanderson can produce a volume as attractive in appearance as "Quiet Interior" at eight? And do some publishers imagine that the reading public really is tempted by paper-covers which remind one of those dread platefuls in English teashops known as "mixed pastries"? We are certain that the book which is adorned with the enigmatic couple or the anæmic girl in coloured margarine and plaster-of-paris on a white icing background starts its career with a severe handicap. It has to prove that it is not what it appears to be, and that is very difficult when the appearance is vulgar, for in that case the chances are the reader will not even begin to listen. How often we have heard the scornful: "Don't bother to open it; it looks the most awful rubbish"! Whereas Miss Jones' novel in a blue linen-faced cover with the title in plain lettering attracts one immediately. It looks like a novel that is well worth reading, and in this case the reader is not deceived after a closer investigation.

"Quiet Interior" is the study of the temperament of an unusual, fastidious girl in surroundings which we vaguely term modern. Her home is in London; her parents are wealthy; her friends are artists and musicians and gay young people who go to parties and dances. She is in fact an emancipated daughter in an upper middle-class family—but not too emancipated for her to possess in a high degree that subtle quality called "charm." One might say her whole claim to acceptance lies in its possession, but of what it is composed—that is the problem that the author has set herself to solve. Claire Norris is not a simple character. She is one of those who are "precious—but not generally prized." Her feeling for life is exquisite; she is capable of rare appreciations, rare intensities—but for some mysterious reason life withholds its gifts from her. They go to lesser people who deserve them less and do not so greatly care. Why should this be? What has she done that she, who could cherish so beautifully, should be left empty-handed? The moment in her life when this question becomes urgent is the moment which is revealed here. There is a young man living in the country, farming his land; his name is Clement. He is shy, difficult, a being apart, himself. With the adorable faith of young persons and children, Claire turns to Life and cries: "I know what I want. I want Clement. Give him to me." But Life explains Clement is not for her; he is for her pretty sister Pauline. And Claire must be a good girl and not spoil her sister's pleasure by showing that she minds, but put on a bright face and behave as though nothing has happened. Instead of rebelling she is gravely obedient, but while renouncing Clement she discovers that she has lost one world only to gain another—her inner world, the kingdom of the spirit. Claire realizes that up till now she has lived on the borders of that world; she has never been of it. Yet, because its shadow rested upon her, she was, for all her love of it, strange to the world of reality. Now that she has made her choice, even her suffering grows light. Nothing can touch her; she is in harmony with life.

The psychology of Claire is sufficiently realized for us to feel the importance of this revelation to her. She strangely compels our admiration by the quality of her adventure. But this whole novel is carried beyond the bounds of commonplace by its distinction of style. We feel that the author has tried to keep faith with Truth

rather than with Truth's ugly and stupid half-sister, Frankness. Her heroine is, of course, the full-length portrait upon which she has lavished her finest care, but Pauline, Henriette and Lucien and Hilary—all are real and convincing. For a first novel it is remarkably well constructed. The weakest part is the beginning. It reads as though the author were determined that we should fall in love with her heroine on the spot. "She is like this and this and this," we are told. It is only, in fact, when the author has forgotten all about us that Claire begins to emerge. And again there are moments when the author wastes her energy, as it were, over the details; she does not always distinguish between what is fascinating and what is essential. This is an important point. For there are many writers—alas! how many!—who can describe a frock, a conversation, a supper party, or a room as well as she.

K. M.

MR. RUSSELL ON BOLSHEVISM

THE PRACTICE AND THEORY OF BOLSHEVISM. By Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)

WE have found the most interesting part of Mr. Russell's book to be, on the whole, his analysis of the theory of Bolshevism. It is not that his remarks on the conditions he observed in Russia are without interest—the subject has, of course, considerable intrinsic interest—but they are statements which do not admit of very wide generalization. Russia is an exceptional country, and it is very difficult for a Westerner to pass judgment on the merits of Russian domestic policy. Certain elementary judgments may be made about any country's policy: cruelty is abhorrent in any Government; a policy which leads to widespread starvation must be bad; but beyond a few elementary remarks of that kind it is difficult to go unless we know the aims of a Government and the psychology of the people it has to govern. In the case of some Western European Governments, where we know, as Mr. Russell points out, that the rulers are evil men and that their measures do not make for the ultimate benefit of the people they govern, we may condemn unhesitatingly. In the case of the Russian Government we have to consider its aims very carefully before we decide they are not good, and we have to pass tentative judgments on its methods, since we are not familiar with the kind of problems it has to solve.

It is a fact well known to Englishmen that methods of government may be condoned, and even lauded as desirable, when applied to a different race, such as the Irish or the Hindu, which would be regarded as detestable if applied to Englishmen. In Russia the problem is further complicated by the fact that there has been a revolution. A revolution seems to unsettle people, and the restoration of order often requires measures which would seem harsh in peace-time. In a country as vast as Russia, without extensive means of communication, without a homogeneous national consciousness, with an angry, because dispossessed, class at home; and powerful enemies abroad, a certain severity of government is to be expected. We fancy that this severity rather surpassed Mr. Russell's expectations. Perhaps we are merely wise after the event, but we think that, in this respect, Mr. Russell was a little naïve. A thoroughgoing revolution, worked out in terms of flesh and blood, is a really formidable affair.

But the second part of Mr. Russell's book contains statements of general application. We will select his remarks on the theory of violent revolution, since there is reason to believe they may be pertinent to other countries than Russia. He asks three questions concerning Bolshevism: Would the ultimate state foreshadowed by the Bolsheviks be desirable in itself? would the cost be worth the result? would the result be, in fact, attained?

To the first question his answer is unhesitatingly in the affirmative. The second question obviously admits of no definite answer, since we cannot, beforehand, estimate the cost, but Mr. Russell thinks that an immense cost must almost certainly be paid by any country that adopts Bolshevism. His third question is the most interesting. He points out that a long and bloody struggle inevitably debases the people who take part in it; when the objective of the struggle is not to produce a nation of bloodthirsty and ruthless savages, but a highly civilized and peaceful community, then the method is likely to defeat its end. There is a good deal in this argument, but it is obviously capable of a very general application. It means that nothing of any very great value can be obtained by fighting for it; as applied to the last war, for instance, it means that the war for civilization was a failure simply because it was a war. This may be true, and it certainly explains why that remarkable outburst of idealism has resulted in the world we have now. It explains why victory and degradation seem to go hand in hand. But it is, nevertheless, a hard saying. What remedy is there but war against the triumph of powerful and evil rulers? Mr. Russell gives us his solution; it is the equalization of power. His argument deserves attention, and we regret that we lack space to deal with it. But it is a theoretical solution and requires a long period of time for fruition. Men have first to become more tolerant; those who have not are to be less strenuous; those who have are to loosen their clutch a little. And will they? Taking men and societies as they are, is Mr. Russell's solution practical? How are we to start? In the meantime passions rise; greed and intolerance hurry men on. Even if Mr. Russell's solution is a solution, has it any chance of being a prophecy?

J. W. N. S.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

THE RITCHES IN INDIA. Compiled and edited by Gerald Ritchie. (Murray. 21s. net.)—William Ritchie, Thackeray's cousin, sailed for the East in the year 1842. Engaged to be married, recently called to the Bar, and belonging to an impoverished family, his circumstances, as well as the tradition of his forbears, had pointed the way. In those days at least India was both refuge and land of promise for the young Englishman with education and ambition, but without visible means of subsistence. The attachment felt in many houses to-day for our chief Asiatic dependency owes something of its warmth and fierceness to the memory of such exiles. William found, or made, good fortune, for he was later to be Advocate-General of Bengal. His younger brother, an officer of John Company, died of fever, and one can judge how the two contrasted cases would serve to strengthen the Indian sentiment in their kindred. Within their circle, the country which had made the one and destroyed the other would become an object of passionate concern, and with similar circles could be covered almost the whole of one important part of English society. Mr. Gerald Ritchie, who has also had a long career in India, has meant this book to be in the main a domestic chronicle, but a good deal can be read between the lines. Here, clearly, are the records of men honourable in their generation, who believed in Imperialism as a humane and civilizing force. William's letters make plain his dislike for Lord Ellenborough's bombastic militarism, whilst his son has words of condemnation for the "indiscriminate retaliation" demanded after the Mutiny. The reign of the European in Asia may be only a stage in that continent's development, but, even so, it would be false to say the work of such men had been in vain. They seem to have had all but one of the qualities necessary in a governing class. Imagination, the power to get into another's skin and mind, alone appears to have been lacking.

NOEL DYSON WILLIAMS. By his mother, Rosalind H. Dobbs. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)—The subject of this biography is a young officer who was killed in the last days of the war. Born in 1889 of Welsh and North-Country stock, he seems to have been brought up among distinguished people. When he was nine Herbert Spencer presented him with a volume of aphorisms drawn from his writings; and Mr. Shaw about the same time instilled into his mind subversive doctrines on the subject of food. He was a favourite with his aunts, Mrs. Sidney Webb and Lady Courtney. When the war broke out he held an educational post in Essex. He enlisted in September, 1914, and after serving for some years as intelligence officer to the Third Army Corps was, at his own request, transferred to the fighting lines. There he was killed in October, 1918. Unfitted for soldiering both physically (he was short-sighted) and by temperament (he was studious and retiring), he went about his duty without complaint, and, indeed, without appearing to have any feeling at all. This self-restraint makes his letters rather disappointing; he described little, and what he described he amiably tried to water down. This was admirable morally, but it was obviously bound to lessen the interest of the letters. They leave, nevertheless, an impression of sensibility and grace.

A THOUSAND AND ONE NOTES ON "A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY." By George G. Loane. (Surbiton, Philpott & Co. 5s.)—Men with the powers of research of Mr. Loane are none too common. It is no sacrilege to say that the Oxford Dictionary would be the better for his gleanings, on which point he says: "I had tried direct approach to the Dictionary, without any apparent result." Mr. Loane's collectanea have been rejected "by three eminent publishers," and "without inspection by the English Association." He has therefore—more power to his elbow!—published them for himself. In his wide reading—one notices especially his unusually observant familiarity with James Thomson and Hartley Coleridge—he has gathered not merely a great number of undetected usages, but many overlooked words as well. It is true that he occasionally bolts a wholesale error in his eagerness. In Beattie's "The pipe of early shepherd dim descried In the low valley" he takes "descried" with "pipe," which makes beautiful nonsense of a misty morning glimpse. Or in Leigh Hunt's Nile sonnet he reduces the last word of Hunt's line "The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands" to mean "men of action," a prosaic misunderstanding of a rather grandiose metaphor. Still, these are trifling blemishes in an excellent sheaf.

OCCULTISTS AND MYSTICS OF ALL AGES. By Ralph Shirley. (Rider. 4s. 6d. net.)—**THE A.B.C. OF OCCULTISM: THE ANSWER TO LIFE'S RIDDLES.** By Olivia M. Truman. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Shirley's "occultists and mystics" are Apollonius of Tyana, Plotinus, Michael Scot, Paracelsus, Swedenborg, Cagliostro, and Anna Kingsford. The selection is arbitrary. One might have expected to find in the list, among others, Blake, Boehme and Traherne; while among those included Michael Scot, so far as we know, was in reality an able mathematician and physician, probably, as Mr. Shirley says, with exceptional hypnotic powers, and only in legend a wizard. The author is most successful where his subject is picturesque. Upon the amazing versatility of Swedenborg and the inexplicable adventures of Cagliostro he is light and amusing; but his exposition of the difficult philosophy of Plotinus shows neither sympathy nor grasp. His reflections, of which, however, there are not many, are generally obvious. "People are apt to look scoffingly at the man with a mission," he says, "but it is the men and women with missions who have in fact made the world

what it is to-day"—a remark which is at once a platitude and doubtfully true. In general, however, Mr. Shirley confines himself to a simple and interesting recital of the "occult" incidents in the lives of his subjects. There is sufficient out-of-the-way information in the volume to make it as interesting as an average book of travels.

Miss Truman's exposition is more modest than the title would lead one to believe. The volume is divided into four chapters, upon "The Universe," "Man," "Karma" and "Phenomena," with an appendix on "Religion." To the author life is so simple that her exposition is occasionally platitudinous. She will convert no one to occultism, we fear, except those who are determined to be converted.

A VILLAGE SERMON; AND OTHER POEMS. By Herbert Asquith. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Asquith writes with a certain grave literary deliberation. He knows everything about the medium in which he is working. Indeed, we are sometimes tempted to think that he knows too much; for he is too often content to be simply an academician and to build up elaborate pictures out of traditional materials and according to traditional formulæ. There is very little life, for example, in such a stanza as this from Mr. Asquith's "Lines on the Sea":

Art thou most great when, raging in the storm
With bearded ridges foaming from the West,
Thou tearest from his lair the blind sea-worm
With coils immense that lash the seething crest,
Or greater when from pride
Thou art hushed in peace once more,
And waters cool and wide
Float argosies of stars from shore to shore?

But every now and then Mr. Asquith succeeds in infusing a touch of real energy and vitality into these academical studies. Felicitous phrases break through here and there:

And mirrored islands, where the tilted moon
Had left her trellis on the dark lagoon. . .
And divers groping on black ocean floors,
Whose loaded feet slowly as feathers fall.

REMINISCENCES AND ANTICIPATIONS. By J. Joly, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)—The leisure-hour essays of the professional man of science or of the professional scholar ought, if our hierarchy of occupations is to be justified, to make a good show when compared to the leisure-hour essays of the politicians. Strangely enough, however, we have to confess that Mr. Birrell still heads the list. To Professor Joly, on the other hand, must be assigned a very moderate rank. In essays of this type we expect wisdom, learning, humour. Of this trinity Professor Joly provides only the second, and that rarely. His first essay, on Perpetual Motion, is one of the most unhumorous jokes we have ever read. He produces perpetual motion by hanging up a sphere; the point is that the earth keeps on going round the sun! This joke puzzled quite a number of people—alas! we can well believe it. There follows a long essay describing a visit to the Foze Rocks, three quarters description and a quarter mild incident. And then we plunge into the British Educational Mission, which reads for all the world like what it was—an official description of an official mission. The last essay, on the Easter Rebellion in Dublin and Professor Joly's experiences therein, made us hope for better things, and it is, indeed, the most interesting essay in the book. The "loyalist" moralizings at the end are quite in keeping. But we may be permitted a grumble, prompted by mere greed and self-interest, that professionals in science should be granted so much paper and cloth binding for their literary effusions, and that no corresponding facilities are granted to the literary man anxious to expound his views on scientific matters. In merit and value there is not a pin to choose between them.

MARGINALIA

ALL things are profoundly symbolical to those who are ready to believe they are. Men have no tails; neither have guinea-pigs. Death's-heads appear to grin ironically. The stars of heaven fall into patterns of strange and dubious significance; the Great Bear is also a plough, a wain and a dipper. In the *Bestiaries* the leopard is made the symbol of Christ because of his habit of sleeping in his den and only waking up after three days, when he exhales a breath so piercingly sweet that all living creatures are drawn towards him and so become his prey. In some *Bestiaries* the lion also symbolizes the founder of our religion; in others both lion and leopard stand for the devil. All is profoundly mysterious in symbology, and the art of parable and allegory is hard to learn, because there are so many masters, each interpreting the same phenomenon in his own way. Stones will preach as many sermons as there are Jaqueses to contemplate them; the running brooks contain a whole *Bodleian*. To see the world in terms of symbolism is one of humanity's chronic weaknesses. One must be immensely sophisticated to believe that things are what they seem to be—opaque objects, interesting in themselves and for themselves, and not transparent windows through which to gaze on further and more significant realities beyond.

If men have always loved to find symbols in inanimate things, how much more have they tried to allegorize literature! Not long ago I had occasion to quote the complaint of one of the *Obscure Men*: that these new-fangled Humanists understood nothing of the spiritual, allegorical, anagogical and symbolical meanings of the ancient text they professed so much to admire. They were content with the mere muddy literal sense of what they had before them. How much more exciting Ovid's *Metamorphoses* become when you know that under all these tales lies some profound theological truth! How edifying is the *Song of Solomon* when the commentators have made apparent its real meaning! The Middle Ages abounded in symbologists. Nor was the Renaissance exempt from the symbolizing tendency, for all the *Obscure Man's* complaints. The symbolical view of the universe still prevailed, and much of the science of the period is unduly complicated and unduly simplified by the pleasing microcosm theory, which insists that man is the symbol and equivalent in miniature of the universe. Nor did the men of the Renaissance neglect to look for symbol and allegory in the literature of the past. Holy and classical writ were still the object of the symbologist's close scrutiny. Even the most enlightened men indulged in the delightful occupation of making two meanings grow where only one grew before—among them the greatest English apostle of enlightenment, Francis Bacon himself.

Bacon's "*De Sapientia Veterum*" is a book to which I have always been particularly attached. I have a great weakness for wisdom. The sage's attitude of grave detachment from the world on which he comments with so mature a justness of judgment is, to me, profoundly sympathetic. From Solomon to Anatole France, all the sages are dear to me, and none dearer than Bacon, whose Sapience of the Ancients is a fruit of wisdom so ripe that it seems to drop from his mind spontaneously like a monster mulberry grown weary of hanging on its tree. It was Bacon's modesty that made him call his book the "*Wisdom of the Ancients*"; for the wisdom in it is entirely his own. All that the ancients contribute is a series of entertaining myths, which Bacon allegorizes into sapience. It is unfortunate that Bacon should have chosen to write this book in Latin. "I do conceive," he said of his own *Essays*, "that the Latin volume of them (being in the universal language)

may last as long as books last." He conceived wrongly, and to-day the ordinary reader will prefer to study "*De Sapientia Veterum*" in Spedding's admirable translation.

* * * *

Like almost everyone else in the world before the invention of scientific history and anthropology, Bacon believed that a great primordial civilization had existed in prehistoric times—a civilization whose accumulated wisdom had been passed down to Greece and Rome in the veiled form of allegorical fables. As an interpreter of these myths, he was only restoring the ancient wisdom. But he is not a fanatical partisan of his theory. "Upon the whole," he says, "I conclude with this: the wisdom of the primitive ages was either great or lucky: great if they knew what they were doing and invented the figure to shadow the meaning; lucky, if without meaning or intending it they fell upon matter which gives occasion to such worthy contemplations." Nor is he unaware of the dangers of allegorical interpretation:

I know very well what pliant stuff fable is made of, how freely it will follow any way you please to draw it, and how easily with a little dexterity and discourse of wit meanings which it was never meant to bear may be plausibly put upon it. Neither have I forgotten that there has been old abuse of the thing in practice; that many, wishing only to gain the sanction and reverence of antiquity for doctrines and inventions of their own, have tried to twist the fables of the poets into that sense; and that this is neither a modern vanity nor a rare one, but old of standing and frequent in use; that Chrysippus long ago, interpreting the oldest poets after the manner of an interpreter of dreams, made them out to be Stoics.

If he had lived to-day, Bacon might have added a further instance of the perverse ingenuity of interpreters of past literature—the ingenuity of those who interpret Shakespeare so as to make him out to be Bacon.

* * * *

Bacon's interpretation of the classical myths is sometimes moral and political, sometimes scientific. The scientific interpretations are more curious than interesting. "*Cupid, or the Atom*," and "*Proteus, or Matter*," have become, in the course of time, simply fantastic. But the moral and political interpretations are still admirably wise. Some of the shorter interpretations are the prototype of those "*Characters*" of which seventeenth-century writers from Overbury to Flecknoe produced so many. Here, for example, is the character of Narcissus, symbol of self-love:

In this fable are represented the dispositions, and the fortunes too of those persons who from consciousness either of beauty or some other gift with which nature, unaided by any industry of their own, has graced them, fall in love as it were with themselves. For with this state of mind there is commonly joined an indisposition to appear much in public or engage in business; because business would expose them to many neglects and scorn, by which their minds would be dejected and troubled. Therefore they commonly live a solitary, private and shadowed life; with a small circle of chosen companions, all devoted admirers, who assent like an echo to everything they say, and entertain them with mouth-homage; till being by such habits gradually depraved, and besotted with self-admiration, they fall into such a sloth and listlessness that they grow utterly stupid and lose all vigour and alacrity. And it was a beautiful thought to choose the flower of spring as an emblem of characters like this: characters which, in the opening of their career, flourish and are talked of, but disappoint in maturity the promise of their youth.

Among the more elaborate and ingenious interpretations "*Dionysus, or Desire*," must be mentioned. Dionysus is represented as being always accompanied by satyrs. Why?

There is a humour in making those ridiculous demons dance about the chariot: for every passion produces motions in the eyes, and, indeed, in the whole countenance and gesture, which are uncouthly, unsettled, skipping and deformed: insomuch that when a man under the influence of any passion, such as anger, scorn, love, or the like, seems most grand and imposing in his own eyes, to the lookers-on he appears unseemly and ridiculous.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

"WHEN THE BLOOD BURNS," by E. W. Savi (Putnam, 7s. 6d. net), is, as might be surmised, a tale (excellently written) of ungoverned passion. Marcelle Raeburn's father was married—not to her mother—and the results had been unhappy for all parties concerned. But this warning example is powerless to deter Marcelle from entering on her own account into a similar triangular alliance. The pinch comes when, at a remote Indian station where she and her lover have passed as a respectable couple, their secret leaks out, and they are cold-shouldered in consequence. The man's devotion is not proof against this trial, and Marcelle, determining to break off the connection, is thrown on her own resources. We are, however, throughout convinced that a person of her extraordinary attractions is bound, sooner or later, to fall—if we may be allowed the expression—on her feet; and sure enough, she finds rest before long in the house of a pattern husband.

"Spears of Deliverance," by Capt. Eric Reid (Stanley Paul, 8s. 6d. net), is a novel dealing, as its sub-title indicates, with the relations between white men and brown women in Siam—relations which would seem to be, on both sides, of an appallingly business-like character. The hero, a young Englishman employed in the Forestry Department, is, rather against his convictions, "rushed" into an arrangement of this kind, in which the woman decidedly takes the initiative. On explaining matters to his fiancée at home, he is gravely disappointed by the bourgeois shallowness shown in her pronouncement that for a man already virtually married a second wife would be superfluous. The brown lady, however, unequivocally manifests her preference for a lawful husband of her own colour. The half-caste infant—the true *crux*, as both Anglo-Saxons realize, of the situation—dies opportunely, and domestic bliss à l'Anglaise presumably ensues. Capt. Reid is not a master of style, scarcely, perhaps, of grammar; but his subject is one of vital interest, and he has treated it with decency and, at the same time, in a disarming spirit of frankness.

Though intended primarily for girls, "Hilary" (Milford, 5s. net) will have an appeal for other classes of readers. In the earlier chapters Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson has been unusually successful in suggesting the atmosphere of a modern women's college: its abounding good-nature and surface childishness, its deeply felt influences, its undramatic happiness. The heroine's subsequent experiences in the Indian mission field give the same impression of utter sincerity and of a high purpose, sometimes inarticulate, but working itself out in no unintelligent fashion.

"The Turned Worm," by Roy Norton (Skeffington, 8s. 6d. net), is a blend of American humour and idealism, the humour perhaps predominating. For English readers its most striking feature will be the assumption that a commercial traveller could, without design on his part, pass current as a judge whom he externally resembles, and that to a lady moving in the social circle adorned by this legal luminary. The situations are, however, well enough devised, and often entertaining, and the "drummer," though weak on points of honour, has his sympathetic qualities.

"The Modern Magician," by Gertie De S. Wentworth-James (Werner Laurie, 8s. 6d. net), sets before us a young lady reduced to earn her living as "professional partner" at places of public entertainment. This curious but useful calling, which is not restricted to one sex, and has long been recognized among teachers of dancing, is undoubtedly compatible with perfect respectability, and to that qualification she adds beauty and an appearance of health which produce matrimonial overtures from a faddist desiring to found a super-family. His hopes in this direction being disappointed, he rashly hands his young wife over to a physician, who, thinking her unhappily mated, arranges an informal change of husbands—apparently with the author's approval.

Mr. Julius Magnussen is, we understand, a Danish dramatist of established reputation, and we are uncertain whether to regard his lately translated work "God's Smile" (Appleton, 7s. 6d. net) as intended for fiction or for a record of actual subjective experience. We lean to the latter view, for there is little imaginative power and no trace of originality in these supposed communications from the spirit world, which bear a familiar stamp of vague and grandiloquent optimism. The translation does not impress us as particularly good.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

"THE BROTHERS, A MONODY; AND OTHER POEMS," by Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Abraham Elton, translator of Hesiod and brother-in-law to Henry Hallam, appeared during 1820; and the book was noticed in the September number of the *London Magazine*. The following is an excerpt:

Mr. Elton has been hitherto known to us as the accomplished scholar, and elegant writer; led . . . to cultivate the more choice and retired flowers of classical literature . . . transplanted with industrious care, and delicate skill. . . The sad calamity to which this poem ["The Brothers"] owes its existence was noticed in the public journals of last autumn. Mr. Elton's two eldest sons were lost to their parents, in consequence of being caught by the . . . tide, on the shores of the Bristol Channel.

We subjoin a brief extract from Elton's monody:

It hovers o'er me, like a fearful dream,
That dreadful slow return: the chamber drear
With its excluded light, and heard without
The lifted voice of weeping; stranger forms
Compassionate and soft, with ministry
Of female offices, and she who wept,
Refusing comfort, since she wept in vain.

*That night the little chamber where they lay,
Fast by our own, was vacant and was still.*

The September issue of the *London Magazine* contains also an instalment of William Hazlitt's "Table-Talk," in the course of which the essayist remarks, upon the conversation of authors, that it

. . . is not so good as might be imagined; but, such as it is (and with rare exceptions), it is better than any other. The proof of which is, that, when you are used to it, you cannot put up with any other. That of mixed company becomes utterly intolerable—you cannot sit out a common tea and card party, at least if they pretend to talk at all.

One of the items in the same issue is a specimen (not very attractive) of the art criticism of that horrible man Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, otherwise "Janus Weathercock."

We hope to be acquitted of excessive partiality for "The Fancy" if we present some blossoms picked from the concluding section of the article in the *London Magazine* for September on Egan's "Sporting Anecdotes" ("The Jewels of the Book"), from the first part of which our readers were regaled on August 27 with some *morceaux*. It must be remembered that, in the following extracts relating to a professional fighting dog, we have translated ourselves to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Only men are now "professional" bruisers, we believe; all the gallant dogs who fight are amateurs. Accordingly, here is

. . . some account of *Street-Walker*, the celebrated Fighting Dog—whose name is never pronounced in the *Holy Land* [St. Giles's], or in Westminster, without the eyes looking a note of admiration, and the hands closing ardently together, in token of wonder and immeasurable delight. . . "Street-Walker is of the brindled species, with a face resembling a calf's . . . it seems as if he possessed an innate . . . feeling of the advantages to be gained by . . . going to sleep so soundly, that his trainer can scarcely awake him . . . to take refreshment, till the time has arrived to commence offensive operations, when he enters the field with the greatest alacrity and vigour."

This *game* and dignified animal, when advanced in years, fought "Boxer," the "black tan" pet of a pugilist named Oliver; and the writer of the article has the following observations to offer in reference to the Homeric contest:

Many a young lady would be incensed, if we were to leave her in ignorance of the issue of the combat. The female sex adores heroism in man or dog. Henceforth, thou brindled wanderer of the shambles . . . thy deeds shall be enshrined in many a tender breast! . . . and thy awful jaw shall, perhaps, yet droop as the frontispiece of the *Lady's Magazine*!—In the following account, the pen of Mr. Egan seems plucked from the wing of a bird of Paradise! . . .

Then follows a narrative of the encounter, which took place at the Amphitheatre, Duck Lane, Westminster. The charge for admission was two shillings; and the doors "were closely besieged at an early hour, in order to obtain a good seat, to witness all the movements of attack and defence, exhibited by these sagacious *milling* quadrupeds. . . It was one of NATURE'S *primest* moments: *Pride* forgot her place—and *Equality* reigned paramount. . . Boxer died.—But *Street-Walker* enjoys a green old age!"

LITERARY GOSSIP

Mr. J. D. BERESFORD has just completed a new novel which deals with England in the throes of a social revolution. It is a theme with which Mr. Beresford's austere intellectual imagination is peculiarly fitted to grapple, and those who remember the quality of "The Goslings" will anticipate what may well prove to be the author's best work.

It is understood that Mr. Robert Nichols is on the eve of departure for Tokio, to take up the post of Lecturer on English Literature at the Imperial University, formerly held by Lafcadio Hearn. For some time past Mr. Nichols has been working at a new religious drama.

"It is clear," says the *Bookman's Journal*, referring to an incident which caused considerable flutter in a recent murder trial, "that somebody must write a little bibliographical manual for lawyers." Or, suggests a threadbare friend, the Court should retain the services of bibliographers at an agreed fee.

The second number of *Harvard Library Notes* contains a description of an unpublished history of the stage which came as "a large bundle of manuscript carelessly wrapped in cardboard and marked 'Material for a History of the Stage. Author unknown.'" The author is proved to be J. P. Collier. The history is of some bulk, as it ends abruptly on page 471, at the year 1723.

In the same publication is some account of the obscurely illustrious "Jim Crow." Rice the comedian watched, from his dressing-room at Louisville Theatre, an old nigger who used to vary his odd jobs in a stable yard with a song, punctuated by a curious step called "rocking de heel." His refrain ran:

"Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis so,
An' ebbery time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow."

Rice quickly developed the notion, and his first representation resulted in his being recalled at least twenty times.

Harvard Library Notes is modelled on the excellent *Bodleian Quarterly Record*, the current issue of which gives us a glimpse of what our forefathers specially admired in the Bodleian Library: "Greek MS. of Animals, curious Cuts by Emanuel Phile," "Chinese Pictures, their Faces mighty lively," "Draughts of all the Colleges in Oxford as they were in Queen Elizabeth's Time," and many more. These were the curiosities in 1749.

The purchase of the MS. of the "Journal of George Fox" by the Society of Friends has caused general satisfaction. It is perfect, except for the absence of the first sixteen pages. The Society of Friends at the same time acquired a (mainly unpublished) collection of letters to and from the family of Fox at Swarthmoor Hall. All the MSS. are to be permanently kept in the Friends' Reference Library, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate.

Messrs. Putnam announce a collection entitled "Little Russian Masterpieces," representing in translations such authors as Saltykov-Stchedrin, Lesskov, Pushkin, Staniukovich, Korolenko, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy. This collection will be sold in sets of four volumes.

Popular reprints can never be too numerous. Few of us are not indebted to them for a large share of our reading. Recently Messrs. Dent have added "Sœur Philomène," by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, to their "Collection Gallia." Half-a-crown is a small price for so handsome a book, let alone the contents. The "World's Classics" (Milford, 2s. 6d. net) now include Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," with an admirable introduction by Mr. Basil de Selincourt, and Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," one of the world's great books.

Two war books of some importance are promised: "The Victory at Sea," by Admiral Sims (Murray), and "A Consulting Surgeon in the Near East," by Col. A. H. Tubby (Christophers).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

WHERE, we ask—and not even echo answers—do the first editions come from? Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue for their forthcoming sale of December 13, 14 and 15 is open before us, with its "first" "Endymion," "Paradise Regain'd," "Posthumous Poems" of Shelley, "Lyrical Ballads," "Odes" by Gray, "Epipsychidion," "Pickwick," "Virginibus Puerisque," "Christabel," and the rest. Then comes Messrs. Hodgson's catalogue of sales on November 17, 18 and 19, with "Caleb Williams," "Dr. Syntax," "Master Humphrey's Clock," various Conrads, Kiplings and others. Yet the first editions are not so mysterious as the manuscripts which perennially abound. To return to Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue, "the property of a gentleman" includes letters from kings, queens, Napoleons, and Prime Ministers; and "other properties" complete the climax with massed collections of MSS. of artists, musicians, and authors. The array needs to be seen to be believed. Dickens, Coleridge, Burns, FitzGerald, the Brownings and Wordsworth are well represented.

And if this collection seems marvellous, there is still room for astonishment at Mr. Francis Edwards' catalogue No. 406, which saves our imaginations by affixing prices. There are 480 main and as many minor MS. items by quite a comprehensive selection of this world's later worthies. There is a letter by Shelley (£40); another, which at a hazard we should describe as unpublished, by Lamb (£15); eight by Dickens; forty-eight by FitzGerald (£100); twelve by Leigh Hunt; four by Johnson; forty-seven by—after a time this becomes mechanical. One from Livingstone was addressed to the editor of THE ATHENÆUM on February 15, 1858; but it never appeared in print.

The name of Edward Bysshe conveys little to the world of to-day, but in the adorable and lamented eighteenth century he was the man who wrote the "Art of English Poetry," eighth edition, 1737. Dean Beeching had a copy; and a copy of his "British Parnassus" occurs in the catalogue of Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Newcastle. The date of this is 1714; it is the first reissue of the second and third parts of his *magnum opus*. In this catalogue we notice also a copy of "Philip Quarll's Island" (12s. 6d.), a work on which Elia throve at Christ's Hospital. Yarrell's "British Fishes," 1841, is priced 7s. 6d. Mr. Robinson's principal item is John Lyly's "Euphues," 1580, which is among the world's rarest books (£105).

Mr. L. Chaundy's forty-fifth catalogue mentions some of those who have bought books at his Oxford headquarters—such men as Pater, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, and Andrew Lang. He offers a collection of Peter Pindar's MSS. for £8 8s., next door but one to a collection of Political Cartoons from *Punch* and *Judy* partly bound in the skin of a boa-constrictor (£3). And here is "Ingoldsby's" copy of Charles Churchill's works.

Turning to the 216th catalogue of Mr. James Miles, of Leeds, we find a considerable collection of Swinburne's books, which will interest those who have not yet passed from the more accessible items to the region of the specialist.

Among the books recently added to the Library of the British Museum are the following: Famous Historie of Palladine of England, translated out of French by A. M[unday], E. Alde for J. Perin, 1588.—Palmerin d'Oliua, turned into English by A. Munday, I. Charlewoode for W. Wright, 1588.—Honorable historie of Palmendos, translated out of French by A. Munday, I. C. for S. Watersonne, 1589.—H. R. [i.e. Henry Roberts], A defiance to fortune proclaimed by Andrugio, noble Duke of Saxony, For J. Proctor, 1590.—Etienne de Maison Neuve, Gerileon of England, the second part, translated by A. Munday, For C. Burbie, 1592.—Barnaby Rich, Adventures of Brusanos Prince of Hungaria, For T. Adames, 1592.—Heroicall adventures of the Knight of the Sea, the illustrious Prince Oceander, For W. Leake, 1600.—Palmerin d'Oliua, turned into English by A. Munday, T. C. and B. A. for R. Higgenbotham, 1616. Two parts.—Honoré d'Urfé, History of Astrea, the first part, translated out of French, N. Oakes for J. Pyper, 1620.—Richard Beling, A sixth booke to the Countess of Pembrokes Arcadia, Societie of Stationers, Dublin, 1624.—Thomas Godwin, Romanae historiarum anthologia, J. Lichfield for H. Cripps, Oxford, 1631, L. Lichfield for H. Cripps, 1638.

Science

A PHYSICIST ON PHYSICS

II.*

WHAT kind of Physics would be developed by a man alone on an island? We are assuming, of course, that this favourite figure of speculative writers enjoys the properties usually attributed to him; he is remarkably intelligent, and can create by a word any scientific apparatus he requires. The point is that he has no need to take into account the judgments of other people. Let us choose an experiment designed to make clear the consequences of his isolated state. Suppose our islander, after looking at a red patch, glances at a white ceiling. He sees a green patch. Now suppose that he heats a copper wire in the flame of a Bunsen burner. The flame turns green. Will our islander proceed to construct a physics which shall embrace both these observations? Before we can answer this question we must consider why our own physics distinguishes so sharply between them. In the first place, it may be said that all observers, except the man who contemplated a patch of red, agree that the colour of the ceiling is unchanged, whereas, in the case of the copper wire, all observers agree that the flame has turned green. In the first case, therefore, we say that there has occurred a change in the observer, and in the second case a change in the flame. We invoke the criterion of universal assent. But it can readily be shown that we have not, in fact, invoked this criterion, for in saying that the flame has turned green, we have left out the testimony of colour-blind persons. Not everybody would agree that the flame has turned green, and on what principle are we to decide between the conflicting opinions of different observers? Mr. Campbell's examination of this question appears to take us to the root of the matter. Universal assent is involved, but also something more, and it is the something more which will probably enable our islander to form a physics like our own. Let us first consider the way in which universal assent is involved in science.

We must obviously leave out judgments of colour; similarly, science does not now measure electrical quantities in the manner of Cavendish, by comparing the intensities of electric shocks experienced by the observer. Science makes a choice of the judgments it shall consider; it does not even embrace all judgments for which universal assent may be obtained. The judgments on which science is based, and for which universal agreement may be obtained, are divided by Mr. Campbell into three groups: (1) Judgments of simultaneity, consecutiveness and "betweenness" in time; (2) Judgments of coincidence and betweenness in space; (3) Judgments of number, such as, The number of the group A is equal to, greater than or less than, the number of the group B. Now it is judgments of this kind that are involved in physical observations: the deflection of a spot of light on a scale, the reading of a stop-watch, and so on. These judgments are fundamental to science and are such that universal assent may be obtained for them. Let us now consider the case of the copper wire in the Bunsen flame. We have said that not all people will agree that the flame has turned green. But the light from the Bunsen has other properties than its colour; it has a measurable refrangibility and a measurable wave-length. The important point for physics is that all observers, both "normal" and colour-blind, would agree on these measurements, since they are connected with the fundamental judgments mentioned above. The fact that different observers associate these same measurements with

different colours is a fact of no importance for physics; "colour" is not a notion essential to physics at all; when phrases containing such words as "red" or "yellow" occur in physics they may always be replaced by words depending for their meaning solely on fundamental time, space and number judgments. It is for this reason, then, that science builds on perfectly sure foundations; its foundations can only be denied by an impostor, that is, by one whose actions show that he actually believes what he says he denies. Now, how does this apply to our islander? We may assume that he can measure refrangibility and wave-length. He finds that, in these particulars, the light from the ceiling is unaltered, while the light from the Bunsen flame is altered. But these observations have no greater support than his colour judgments. On both occasions the only testimony is his own. But he would notice a great difference directly he began to establish the laws connecting these phenomena. The laws derived from the second set of observations would be much more satisfactory than those derived from the first set. He would undoubtedly prefer them and would unhesitatingly adopt them. When it is put in this way, there certainly seems something arbitrary about the process by which science selects its fundamental judgments. They are selected because they fall neatly and satisfactorily into laws. Mr. Campbell further suggests that the laws used in science are selected from amongst other possible laws because the selected laws fit into theories, "the form of which is dictated chiefly by preconceived ideas of what a theory should be." It may be stated at once that Mr. Campbell admits the presence of an arbitrary element in science, but it is precisely his case that this arbitrary element gives to science its value.

We cannot here summarize his exposition, because it would be unintelligible except to readers with a scientific training, since Mr. Campbell has adopted the very sound method of analysing the actual laws and theories current in physics. We may indicate, however, the general lines of his investigation. He attempts to analyse the kind of relation involved in a scientific "law." It has been generally assumed by philosophers that this relation is the "causal" relation, but, in fact, it is very doubtful whether this relation is ever used in the statement of laws. It is a very special kind of relation, and its supposed importance to science seems to rest on a confusion between the psychological process in an observer performing an experiment and the relation stated to exist between his observations. Thus, in Ohm's Law, does the potential difference enter as cause or effect of the current? The question is sufficient to show that the causal relation is not concerned. Mr. Campbell admits that he has not succeeded in making a final analysis of the propositions called laws, but we think that he has certainly established several points of great value. It is more to our present purpose, however, that this analysis shows more clearly how an arbitrary element enters into scientific laws. A law does not simply relate concepts in a manner consistent with observation; it would be perfectly possible, for instance, to replace Ohm's Law, expressing simple proportionality between current and potential difference, by a much more complicated expression which should agree equally well with observation. There are always several laws which will satisfy the observations; the one that is chosen is chosen for its simplicity, *i.e.*, because of the mental satisfaction it affords. The fact that it does fit the observations gives it what Mr. Campbell calls its "truth," and the fact that it affords intellectual satisfaction gives it what he calls its "meaning."

When we pass from laws to theories we find that the element of "meaning" becomes much more prominent. Now the truth of a law is something that rests on universal assent; this is not the case, however, for the meaning of a law. It may be that the contemplation of Ohm's Law

* The first part of the article on Mr. N. R. Campbell's "Physics: The Elements" (Cambridge University Press, 40s. net) appeared in last week's ATHENÆUM.

gives you no satisfaction whatever; if it satisfies me, however, then to me it has meaning. It is only necessary, therefore, that scientific laws should have meaning for scientific men; their truth, however, is the same for all. When we come to consider theories we find that, concerning their meaning, there is much more difference of opinion. This difference, in fact, almost follows national lines, so that of the two great classes of theories, the "mechanical" and the "mathematical," the former is largely a product of British physicists, while continental physicists prefer the second type. Mr. Campbell analyses very acutely the differences between the two classes as well as the elements they have in common. As he says, there may be a "taste" for certain kinds of theories, as there is a taste for oysters. The result of this analysis is to show very clearly in what respects science is impersonal and in what respects personal; it also helps to make clear what science is. It is true that the impersonal element in science is the most important, in this sense, that if any law or theory can be shown not to be true, then, however much meaning it may have, it must be at once rejected. It is also true that it is the meaning of laws and theories, particularly theories, which gives them their value to scientific men. We therefore reach once more the conclusion, sufficiently familiar, but seldom so satisfactorily prepared, that the value of science is in the æsthetic satisfactions it affords. In Mr. Campbell's words, "Science is the noblest of the arts."

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—Nov. 4.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair. The following papers were read: "On the Vibrations of an Elastic Plate in Contact with Water," by Prof. H. Lamb; "The Transmission of Electric Waves around the Earth's Surface," by Prof. H. M. Macdonald; "A Re-examination of the Light scattered by Gases in respect of Polarization: II. Experiments on Helium and Argon," by Lord Rayleigh; "Dilatation and Compressibility of Liquid Carbonic Acid," by Prof. C. F. Jenkin; "Radiation in Explosions of Hydrogen and Air," by Mr. W. T. David; "Photochemical Investigations of the Photographic Plate," by Dr. R. E. Slade and Mr. G. I. Higson; "The Relationship between Pressure and Temperature at the same Level in the Free Atmosphere," by Dr. E. H. Chapman; and "Note on Vacuum Grating Spectroscopy," by Prof. J. C. McLennan.

ARISTOTELIAN.—Nov. 8.—Dean Inge, President, in the chair.—The President delivered the inaugural address on "Is the Time Series Reversible?"

The cinematograph has illustrated the possibility of observing events in a reversed time order; is it possible that we might actually move through time in a reversed order, so that effects would be thought of as causes? If the positions of earlier and later, and of past and future, belong to appearance and not to reality, the real order will be a series, but a series without change and without time. The psychological theory of the "specious present" was criticized and also the scientific concept of cause. In regard to the first it was suggested that our consciousness of the present is our point of contact with supra-temporal existence, and that our tendency to identify this experience with the moving line which divides past from future is an error. Immediacy belongs only to a supra-temporal mode of intuition. With regard to the conception of causation it had been almost driven out of natural science, and it would be a good thing if it were driven out of philosophy too. After alluding to the theory of Plato and of Plotinus, the Dean concluded with the view that Time-Succession seems to belong to a half-real world and to share its self-contradictions. We are partly in this half-real world and partly out of it. We are enough out of it to know that we are blind on one side, which we should never know if time were real, and we inside it.

LINNEAN.—Nov. 4.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Mr. H. W. Pugsley, Mr. R. A. Finlayson, and Mr. H. H. Crane were admitted Fellows.

The first communication was by Mr. J. H. Owen, entitled "Further Researches into the Life and Habits of the Sparrow-Hawk, *Accipiter nisus* (Linn.) Pall." After remarks on some of the less-known habits of the sparrow-hawk, Mr. Owen showed a series of nearly 80 lantern-slides depicting various incidents of the incubation and nestling periods. Of special interest were series showing the efforts of the hen to protect the nestlings from the effects of the sun, and the behaviour of the hen during incubation as affected by climatic conditions. A discussion took place, in which the following engaged:

Mr. H. J. H. Russell, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Tull-Walsh, Mr. Seth Smith (visitor), Mr. C. E. Salmon, Dr. W. R. Parker, and Miss Gulielma Lister.

The other communication was by Mr. H. N. Dixon, entitled "The Mosses of the Wollaston Expedition to Dutch New Guinea." These mosses have proved of great interest. Although consisting of only some 60 gatherings, the collection contained types of at least two new genera, *Hymenodontopsis* and *Callistomium*, and more than a dozen new species, including two new species of *Dawsonia*, a genus which is more highly represented in New Guinea than in any other part of its rather limited distribution. A further collection by the Rev. J. B. Clark, of the London Missionary Society, in the neighbourhood of Boku, British New Guinea, was also included, and contained ten new species, among them a very beautiful *Pterobryella*. Dr. A. B. Rendle and Mr. E. G. Baker contributed further remarks.

PHILOLOGICAL.—Nov. 5.—Mr. L. C. Wharton completed his criticism of the scheme of Slavonic transcription adopted by the British Academy. He gave a detailed survey of each paragraph of the actual report, expressing his dissent to some of the decisions reached, and approving the general principle on which the whole scheme is based. The table of equations he criticized very severely, and reminded his hearers that the Serbocroat latinica was based, like the Polish alphabet, on the reformed spelling of the martyr John Hus.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Nov. 2.—Sir Sidney F. Harmer, Vice-President, in the chair.

In the absence of Dr. A. Willey, a résumé of his communication, "A Note on the Respiratory Movements of *Necturus* and *Cryptobranchus*," was given by Mr. E. G. Boulenger, who also exhibited living specimens of *Necturus*, presented to the Society by Dr. Willey.

In the absence of Mrs. O. A. Merritt Hawkes, a résumé of her paper, "Observations on the Life-History, Biology, and Genetics of the Lady-bird Beetle, *Adalia bipunctata* Mulsant," was given by Mr. F. M. Duncan.

In the absence of the authors, Mr. J. H. Lloyd's paper on "Some Observations on the Structure and Life-History of the Common Nematode of the Dogfish (*Scyllium canicula*)," and Prof. Haru Ram Mehra's paper "On the Sexual Phase in certain Indian Naidids (*Oligochæta*)," were taken as read.

Mr. R. I. Pocock exhibited, on behalf of Mr. E. Gerrard, the skin of the groin of an example of *Tragelaphus buxtoni*, proving the presence of inguinal glands in that antelope.

Mr. T. A. Barns gave an account of his recent expedition through the forests of Africa in search of gorilla and okapi, illustrating his remarks with a fine series of cinematograph films.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 19. King's College, 4.—"Norman Churches," Prof. P. Deamer.
University College, 5.—"Italian History and Literature," Lecture III., Mr. H. E. Goad.
King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: Reform and Revolution, 1904-6," Sir Bernard Pares.
King's College, 5.30.—"Western Travellers in Greece between 1453 and 1821," Lecture III., M. L. Economos.
Royal School of Mines, 5.30.—"The Development of Secondary Features of the Earth's Crust," Dr. J. D. Falconer.
University College, 5.30.—"The Logic of Speech Forms," Lecture X., Rev. A. Darby.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"Sterilization of Water by Chlorine Gas," Capt. J. Stanley Arthur.
University College, 8.—"The Principles of Critical Realism," Lecture III., Prof. G. Dawes Hicks.
Mon. 22. King's College, 5.30.—"Portugal and the Reformation," Prof. G. Young.
King's College, 5.30.—"Some Philosophical Presuppositions of Christianity: the Moral Argument," Prof. W. R. Matthews.
Royal School of Mines, 5.30.—"The Work of the Atmosphere," Dr. J. D. Falconer.
University College, 5.30.—"Samuel Pepys as Antiquary and Collector," Mr. A. H. Blake.
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"A Visit to Bokhara in 1919," Major F. M. Bailey.
Tues. 23. Sociological, 5.15.—"Suggestions towards a Science of Corporate Life," Mr. C. R. Enock.
King's College, 5.30.—"English Historical Sources: Local Records (Civil)," Prof. F. J. C. Hearnshaw.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Development of Philosophy from Descartes to Leibniz," Lecture VII., Prof. H. Wildon Carr.
University College, 5.30.—"Berthel Thorvaldsen," Lecture IV., Mr. J. H. Helweg.
University College, 5.30.—"Bergson, the Romantic," Dr. Gladys Turquet-Milnes.

- Tues. 23. Royal Anthropological Institute (Royal Society's Lecture-Room), 8.30.—"Migrations of Cultures in British New Guinea," Dr. A. C. Haddon. (Huxley Memorial Lecture.)
- Wed. 24. School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, E.C., 12 noon.—"Africa before 1500," Lecture VIII., Miss Alice Werner.
- School of Oriental Studies, 5.—"The Early Mohammedan Dynasties of India," Sir E. Denison Ross.
- University College, 5.—"The Evolution of Plant Paintings," Dr. C. Singer.
- King's College, 5.15.—"Mediæval Contributions to Modern Civilization: Education," Prof. J. W. Adamson.
- Royal School of Mines, 5.30.—"The Work of Snow and Ice," Dr. J. D. Falconer.
- University College, 5.30.—"The Natural History of Law," Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.
- University College, 5.30.—"The Discovery of Britain," Mr. G. Whate.
- Thurs. 25. Royal, 4.30.—"The Growth of Seedlings in Wind," Prof. L. Hill; "The Effect of Thyroid-feeding and of Thyro-parathyroidectomy upon the Pituitrin Content of the Posterior Lobe of the Pituitary, the Cerebro-spinal Fluid and Blood," Prof. P. T. Herring; and other Papers.
- University College, 5.30.—"Italian Literature," Lecture VI., Professor A. Cippico. (In Italian.)
- University College, 5.30.—"The Bhagavadgita," Lecture II., Miss D. J. Stephen.
- Egypt Exploration (Royal Society's Lecture-Room), 8.30.—"The Royal Mummies," Prof. G. Elliot Smith.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.

Fine Arts

PRACTICAL FURNITURE

FURNITURE FOR SMALL HOUSES. By Percy A. Wells. (Batsford. 12s. 6d.)

THE law of supply and demand is becoming daily more complicated. It is affected on the one hand by the so-called science of publicity, which enables any enterprising man with sufficient capital to create a demand by a persistent well-advertised supply, and it is affected on the other by the spread of education, creating a receptive mental condition in the public that may harden into demand on the appearance of a new commodity which can be accepted as the realization of educational theories. The case of everyday furniture is typical of the complication. In a review entitled "Interior Decoration" we took occasion on August 20 to refer to the moral weakness shown by the public in not refusing the pretentious, hideous and flimsy standardized products which have so long filled the market, and we expressed a hope that the vague aspiration for sound, practical and well-proportioned furniture might eventually develop into an audible demand. Mr. Percy A. Wells has gone farther. In his capacity as Head of the Cabinet Department of the L.C.C. Shoreditch Technical Institute he has designed a complete set of furniture for a five-roomed cottage, and obtained permission from the Education Authorities of the L.C.C. to execute his designs at the Shoreditch Technical Institute. He has thus substituted concrete example for theoretic doctrine. Photographs of this furniture, which he has tried to make "both cheap and good," are printed in the book before us, together with working drawings for the guidance of cabinet-makers or manufacturers, wise in their generation, who may feel disposed to embark on multiple production of selected types.

Mr. Wells's main concern is with the practical needs of a small house, and from this point of view his work is quite excellent. He gives us, for example, alternative designs for the absurd, top-heavy "Pembroke" kitchen table, with its fat turned legs and flaps supported on brackets; and he has devised sensible good-looking dressers, bookcase cupboards, and sideboards for living rooms where space is limited and receptacles for miscellanea essential. The

bedroom furniture in the same way includes easily-made, well-proportioned and neat wardrobes, and a toilet table with an adjustable mirror which can really be adjusted. The dressing chests are more conventional in form, and here the designer, for some reason which we fail to appreciate, has returned to the heavy knobs on the drawers with which our Victorian ancestors desecrated so many fine eighteenth-century chests.

Æsthetically, Mr. Wells approaches his subject on the well-established principle of basic simplicity—the only approach which can be of any service to us at the moment, as we can see when he permits himself the occasional luxury of an ornament or a varied line, which always seems to weaken when it does not actually destroy the structural effect of his designs. We do not like his inlaid clockcases, for instance (nor do we see, by the way, why a small modern clock should be enveloped in a wooden case of any kind), and we are very much opposed to the painted bedroom furniture, decorated by steel combing, which Mr. Wells particularly recommends. Furniture painted in bright colours is pretty and gay when it is quite new, but it soon begins to show signs of wear, and to look dirty and shoddy. In London, if it is to retain its freshness, it must be repainted every year, and this cannot be satisfactorily executed unless the old paint is first entirely removed—a laborious process which, at the end of a few years, will have cost the owner as much as the same furniture in a better wood which can be finished by a permanent polish. There is, we understand, a vogue for this new painted furniture at the moment, which flourishes concurrently with a revival of the taste for eighteenth-century painted chairs, but it is difficult to defend it on either practical or æsthetic grounds.

The photographs maintain the high standard which we associate with Messrs. Batsford's publications, and the book should be read and studied by all who are interested in the long-awaited renaissance of English cabinet-making and the adaptation of its principles to modern methods of manufacture and modern domestic requirements.

R. H. W.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

THE CHENIL GALLERY, CHELSEA.—The Society of Wood Engravers.

P. & D. COLNAGHI & Co., 144-146, NEW BOND STREET, W.—Enchings, Woodcuts, and Lithographs by Auguste Lepère.

THOS. AGNEW & SONS, 43, OLD BOND STREET, W.—Old Masters of the English School.

THE ELGAR GALLERY, 40, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.—Decorative Paintings and Drawings by May Guinness.

HERTFORD HOUSE, MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.—Reopening of the Wallace Collection.

"The woodcut," writes Mr. Campbell Dodgson in an introduction to the catalogue of the first annual exhibition of the Society of Wood Engravers, "has an illustrious past, an exciting, enquiring present, and, let us hope, a brilliant and prosperous future." Certainly a great many artists, both in England and France, are now turning to this medium, no doubt because its limitations necessitate a certain formality of treatment which is congenial to the trend of modern art, while affording at the same time an incitement to technical invention. European wood-cutting, or rather wood-engraving, changed from an original art into a mainly commercial means of reproduction for the illustration of books and periodicals in the period which preceded the discovery of the half-tone process. Now, after a long interval, the wood is again being used as a medium for direct artistic expression. One or two contemporary artists, as, for example, M. Lucien Pissarro and Mrs. Gwendolen Raverat, have made woodcuts for a long time past. Both are members of this new society, but most of the other exhibitors are new to the art, and it is to these that one looks for new qualities of treatment which will give it an individuality in keeping with the times. It should be noted that all the members adhere to the European method

of printing; that is to say, they apply the ink evenly with a roller. The severity of this method, whether in wood-cutting proper or in wood-engraving, tests the quality of an artist to the utmost, since effects of light and shade can only be gained by deliberate workmanship; after the cutting has been done no further manipulation is possible. Consequently it is only natural that the cuts of striking merit in this exhibition should be few. All Mr. Gordon Craig's engravings in pure outline are individual, though some of their interest comes by too direct descent from Japanese masks and marionettes. Mr. Ethelbert White's "The Weeping Ash" (1) and "The Hamlet" (15) are very lively in design. The many cuts by Mr. Robert Gibbings show a pleasant feeling for distribution of black and white masses, but his exclusive use of straight lines and curves gives them a monotonous stiffness. How beautiful a medium wood-engraving may be is to be seen from the examples exhibited by Mr. John Nash and Mr. Eric Gill. Mr. Gill's prints are technically so perfect that one regrets all the more his complete absorption by a Byzantine tradition of draughtsmanship. Mr. John Nash's engravings of animals are all delightful; he, too, seems to possess every technical resource, which he has the wisdom to use without allowing any traditional formula to stand between the poetry of his feeling and its expression.

At Colnaghi's there is an opportunity of studying the work of an extraordinarily accomplished French wood-engraver, the late Auguste Lepère, who was also a talented painter, etcher and lithographer. The etchings in this exhibition are many, and the wood-engravings and woodcuts few, but there are enough of the wood-engravings to show how masterly was his knowledge of the resources of the medium for producing varieties of tone. Brilliant though these prints are, there is no doubt in my mind that their method is inappropriate to the wood-block. Engraving on metal would have suited Lepère's purpose much better; his wood-engravings call forth at best a grudging admiration of skill misapplied. Still, the wood-engravings should be seen, and the etchings too, because everything Lepère did was skilful, and his work always reflected a spirited interest in nature, and particularly in movement.

Twenty-three paintings, mostly portraits, by old masters of the English school, are on view at Agnew's on behalf of the Nation's Fund for Nurses. Taking landscapes first, there is an early Constable, "The Bridge Farm" (8); a fine Turner, "Linlithgow" (5); and two very Dutch paintings of English country by Patrick Nasmyth. Turner's "Pas de Calais" (1) is a famous picture one is grateful for seeing in the original; it is familiar in an engraving by Cousen. The portraits include a particularly handsome Reynolds and a large unfinished group by Gainsborough, painted just before his death, of which part of a charming landscape background is happily complete. The Lawrences, Hoppners, and Romneys shown do not add much lustre to the certainly overrated reputations of these painters.

At the Eldar Gallery Miss May Guinness, whose work I do not remember seeing before, is exhibiting a large number of paintings and water-colour drawings. She has an agreeable sense of vivid colour, and in her imaginative designs there seems to be evidence that she is concerned with the problem of relating the several elements of a composition to the scheme of the whole. Her designs are really fanciful rather than imaginative, and in many cases the fancifulness comes off quite prettily, though it may be as well to remind her that the decorative significance of a painting should be implicit in the design, and it ought not to be necessary to consult a catalogue in order to find out what her decorative motive is.

The Wallace Collection is open at last, and its treasures restored to their natural abiding place after their war-sojourn in a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta down a postal tube in Paddington. Thanks to the devoted labours of Mr. MacColl and his staff, the collection is better housed than formerly. The lighting of the main galleries has been improved, the masterpieces have been brought together, and the paintings of lesser importance redistributed to make way for them. The worst of the modern French pictures have been relegated to the attics. The work of renovation is not yet complete, but the main part of it has been done. Especially to be welcomed is the disappearance of the old red walls; the golden-ivory tint of the new wall-coverings could not be bettered.

O. R. D.

Music

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

THERE may be a promise for the future in the news that a "Decentralization of Music Committee" has just been formed, "with the object of arranging for concerts by famous artists to be given in town halls in and around London." We say "may be," and not "is," for obvious reasons. Until it is known who the organizers are, who are on the Committee, what powers of co-ordination they have got, and how far adequate material support is guaranteed them, it is impossible to form any certain judgment. Moreover those three simple-seeming words "by famous artists" are faintly disquieting. The "famous artist" has spiked the guns of many an honourable venture before now, and this may give him yet another opportunity. The decentralization of music and the decentralization of famous artists are two very different things.

The formation of such a committee, none the less, is a sign of the times, and it may serve as a pretext for restating, in plain terms of supply and demand, the present condition of music in London. Let us take supply first. About this there is no uncertainty. There is a perfect army of musical purveyors in our midst, of every conceivable size, shape and quality. The supply is largely the business of institutions like the Royal College, the Royal Academy, and their smaller fellows, and they fulfil their task only too thoroughly; they turn out singers in their thousands, pianists in their tens of thousands, and other instrumentalists to a proportionate scale; thin players and fat players, pretty players and ugly players, the dark-haired and the blonde, the phlegmatic and the soulful, the siren and the Madonna—day after day, night after night, they step forward on to the platform of the Wigmore Hall or the Æolian, and go through their paces for our benefit. At least, we presume it is for our benefit, since it is not, apparently, for their own. The expenses of rent and lighting are prohibitive; only a full house can return anything like enough to balance the outlay, and the house never is full. It is seldom half full. Thirty to forty per cent. capacity is a fair estimate, and half of that is probably paper. Yet these generous young creatures insist that, loss or no loss, despite our reluctance and the protestations of their agent, we must and shall hear them play, or—still worse—hear them sing.

Nevertheless we are not convinced that supply does really exceed demand—at any rate, not to the extent that might appear from the foregoing remarks. Many of the generous young creatures, no doubt, deserve no more than a prompt and not too painless elimination. Amateurs in the worst sense of the word, deficient alike in intellect and in technique, they have no claim whatever to a public hearing, and such misguided persons as pay to listen to them are virtually being induced to part with their money under false pretences. It is an abuse of public confidence, an abuse, moreover, which is not likely to disappear until musical criticism is taken out of the hands of the nerveless, amiable, and thoroughly incompetent reporters to whom it is too often entrusted. Were this elimination properly carried out, there would remain a good-sized residue of reasonably proficient and talented performers; not aspiring to be stars, and not claiming star fees, but able and willing to provide their audience with good music, reasonably well executed, in return for a reasonable livelihood. A good-sized residue, as we said, but probably not excessive, if the machinery of demand were as efficiently administered as the machinery of supply.

That is the trouble. At present all these performers display their talent in far too limited an area. Recitals are given in two or three halls, situated all in the West

off London; and the dwellers in the West End have more—far more—than they want. Supply here has outrun demand to such an extent that the latter is not now likely to revive until the former has been considerably reduced. Meantime, the demand, actual and potential, in the outlying parts of London is enormous. The most striking proof of this, perhaps, is the success of the remarkable Sunday Popular Concerts, given weekly at the South Place Institute, Finsbury. These have for years supplied programmes of chamber music of the highest class, of every school and every period. The authorities in charge do not ransack Europe for Cortôts and Busonis, but all the best of London's resident musicians appear from time to time, and the general standard of performance is consistent enough to satisfy all but the most jaded palate. With the exception of a few reserved seats (transferable), admission to the concerts is free, but everyone attending is expected to contribute to the best of his abilities. A programme which costs a shilling in the West End is here sold (in a less ornate but more serviceable form) for twopence. These concerts, now in their thirty-fifth season, are more in demand than ever; indeed, according to reliable information, hundreds are being turned from the door each week. Now so keen an actual demand in Finsbury must surely indicate a potential demand equally keen in Clapham, Balham, Tooting, and a host of similar localities. It must be simply a matter of calling this demand into positive existence; and here and there, evidently, a serious attempt is being made. Rumours reach us of mayoral activities in Battersea and Chiswick; elsewhere, private enterprise is at work—for instance, in the Sunday evening chamber concerts just inaugurated at the Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W.1.

Evidently, then, the Decentralization Committee has a future before it, if it works on sensible lines. But even without such assistance as the Committee may provide, we think the actual concert-givers—the pianists, the singers, the quartets—might do vastly more than they do at present to help themselves. They persist in thinking of London as a single town, providing a single audience, mysteriously resident in the neighbourhood of Bond Street. London, of course, has long ceased to be anything of the kind; it is just a generic name applied to an aggregation of large independent boroughs. If the players would only realize this; if they would only define to themselves, in exact terms, the audience for whom they are prepared to cater; if they would think specifically of Stockwell, Camberwell, or Hammersmith, just as they think of Leicester or Cambridge or Nottingham, we are convinced that the story of South Place would repeat itself in other districts. Short of actual control and financial support, the municipal authorities could do a great deal merely by seeing that a fair-sized hall suitable for concert purposes was available on reasonable terms for musical enterprise. Probably, too, it would be wise at first to make a judicious use of what our American friends call Musical Appreciation study; that is to say, short, non-technical addresses explaining beforehand some of the peculiarities and characteristics of the music to be performed on any given occasion. The dweller in South or East London who hears Corelli, say, for the first time may be disappointed on finding that he does not sound like Chopin; explain to him in simple language what Corelli's point of view was, and he will put on a pair of seventeenth-century ears as readily as any man. And it is with him, largely, that the future of London music rests. Players who realize this will not only save themselves from penury and hardship; they will prepare for themselves also the rare artistic pleasure of performing, perhaps for the first time in their lives, to a genuinely responsive audience.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

Two excellent chamber concerts were given during the week: the first, that of the London Chamber Concert Society, on November 9; the second, that of the Bohemian Czech Quartet, on November 13. At the former, the performers were Miss Adila d'Aranyi, Mrs. Ethel Hobday, M. Fleury, and M. Corrado. M. Fleury played an unexpectedly charming sonata by Carl Reinecke in his usual finished style, while Miss d'Aranyi gave a brilliant and vivacious rendering of the "Trille du Diable," with Mr. Craxton at the piano, and later in the evening was joined by Mrs. Hobday in Medtner's seldom-heard and not very interesting violin sonata. One is always sorry for Medtner; one knows that if he only had something to say, he would say it admirably. As for M. Corrado, his singing is altogether *troppo robusto* for our taste; we object to such a violent assault on our auditory nerves. The Albert Hall is probably the place for him.

The Bohemian Czech Quartet is a familiar visitor, and one to whom we are always sorry to bid farewell. Other quartets may excel them in quality of tone and individual finish, but not in rhythmical understanding, nor, one might add, in personal charm. It is their evident and ever-fresh pleasure in being able to please that makes them so welcome wherever they go. The quartets they played at their final concert on November 13 were Schubert in A minor and Haydn in D major, with Mr. Armstrong Gibb's quartet (now becoming familiar) in between. If we congratulate the composer on finding himself in such excellent company, we are inclined at the same time to congratulate the Bohemians on having found an English work that is well worthy of the best playing they can give it.

On November 11 M. Joseph Salmon gave an interesting, but not altogether convincing recital of early eighteenth-century cello music, the piano arrangements being made by himself from the figured bass. Some of these are very successful, but on the whole they tend, we think, to over-elaboration. One is clearly not entitled to dogmatize; on the one hand, we do not know exactly how the harpsichord-players of the period filled in their part from the bass; on the other hand, we do know definitely that, as regards the violin works, Corelli as played by himself was often a very different thing from Corelli as he looks on paper. Arguing from analogy, therefore, M. Salmon can make out quite a presentable case for himself. But what one has to bear in mind is this, that the abiding and valuable characteristic of the music of this period is its grace, dignity, and repose. In the attempt to bring the piano part up to date there is a certain risk of disturbing these essential qualities, and for that reason we are inclined to prefer a literal and (if you like to call it so) a dull transcription from the figured indications. M. Salmon himself is undoubtedly a man of judgment, but we have had such an experience of "editing," in this country and elsewhere, that we prefer to play for safety in such matters.

Of the other recitalists heard during the week, Mr. Arthur Rubinstein is in a class by himself, but owing to a misreading of the date on our ticket (the original date having been cancelled) we unfortunately missed his recital. Such others as we heard call for no comment—or stop, let us be veracious. They do call for comment, but not being in the mood for a libel action at present, we decline to offer any.

R. O. M.

THE PIANO-PLAYER. By Ernest Newman. "The Musician's Handbooks." (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)—A sensible book. Mr. Newman observes, reasonably enough, that it is unfair to decry the piano-player as "mechanical," because all instruments are so to a certain extent, and the difference between the piano-player and the piano itself is, in this respect, a difference of degree and not of kind. He also points out that the advantage of the piano-player is its freedom from the limitations of finger-stretch; it is therefore futile in the extreme to cut orchestral rolls from pianoforte arrangements and not from the full score. The suggestion that composers who like writing for the piano might write with greater advantage (artistic and financial) for the piano-player direct, is also worth considering. Mr. Newman illustrates his remarks with quotations from Wagner and Granados, for the latter of whom he has a shameless and inexplicable passion.

Drama

THE THEATRE IN AMERICA

THE presence in London of an American actor of distinction, sprung from one of the historic theatrical families of his country, makes this an opportune moment for reviewing Mr. Arthur Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America" (2 vols., Lippincott, 42s. net). Strictly speaking, this work can no more be reviewed than can a dictionary. Handsomely bound, and adorned with enough illustrations to make an album by themselves, an album for curious day-dreaming, it is yet essentially a work of reference. You can read in it with pleasure as well as profit, but you can hardly read it through except as a matter of duty. "If it was there, I saw it," the conscientious American traveller is fabled to have replied to the query whether he had seen the Venus of the Louvre during his stay in Paris. Mention any actor you like in the annals of the United States, and (after getting through Mr. Hornblow) we can reply, hand on heart, "We have read all about him."

The history of the American theatre begins in the days when the colonies were a British dependency, and America really one more "circuit" of the provinces, only rather harder to reach than Portsmouth or York. The first theatre was built in Williamsburg, Virginia, then, says Mr. Hornblow, "the most aristocratic and prosperous town on the continent." He quotes from Cooke's "History of the People of Virginia" a delightful passage which gives the spirit of the time and place to perfection:

It was the habit of the planters to go there with their families at this season to enjoy the pleasures of the capital, and one of the highways, Gloucester, was an animated spectacle of coaches and four containing the nabobs and their dames, maidens in silk and lace, with high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings. All these people were engaged in attending the assemblies at the Palace, in dancing at the Apollo, in snatching the pleasures of the moment and enjoying life under a régime that seemed mad for enjoyment. The violins seemed to be ever playing for the diversion of the youths and maidens; cocks were fighting, horsemen riding, students mingled in the throng in their academic dress, and his Serene Excellency went to open the House of Burgesses in his coach drawn by six milk-white horses.

This must have been almost as tempting as Bath itself to daring adventurers like the Murray-Kean company and the famous Hallams, who took the first properly-organized repertory from England across the Atlantic in 1752. But they found that there was a dragon in the path, in the shape of Puritanism, which had not been drubbed out of the colonies as out of London by Monk's drums. When Otway's tragedy "The Orphan" was played by amateurs in Boston in 1750, there was a pretty to-do, and a law was passed totally prohibiting plays. It was long before this feeling died out. In 1761 Douglass, another pioneer of the period from London, was constrained to present "Othello" under the sanctified disguise of "A Series of Moral Dialogues."

MRS. MORRIS will represent a young and virtuous wife, who, being wrongfully suspected, gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband.

*Reader, attend; and ere thou goest hence
Let fall a tear to hapless innocence.*

So ran the programme. Even in 1843 a theatre opened in Boston had to be called "The Museum." Even in 1866 the presentation of a ballet at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York, "aroused a storm of controversy." Nay, even in 1919 Mr. Hornblow gravely concedes that this "was the first show of its kind to make a feature of the diaphanously draped or semi-nude feminine form." He might as relevantly accuse Praxiteles of "making a feature" of feminine nudity.

Yet the influence of Puritanism was really more than a

joke. It strangled the hope of an American drama in its cradle. As Mr. Hornblow remarks, one reason why, in "the golden age of American letters" in the 19th century, the best authors would not write for the stage was "the Puritanical prejudice against all things theatrical." It was perhaps the chief reason. But the outstanding fact in Mr. Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America" is that the theatre in America has never been an American theatre. We need not argue the relative merits of English and American playwrights, but since the Revolution, when the "provincialism" of America ceased, where is the drama that expresses the spirit of the American nation and shows itself the unmistakable product of American culture? The land of great epics like the War of Independence and the Secession struggle has no national tragedy, and the land of Bret Harte and Mark Twain has no national comedy, or at any rate Mr. Hornblow, with all his pains, has not unearthed it. Cavillers may allege a play here or a play there, but broadly the facts are as stated. It is left to Mr. John Drinkwater to write up Abraham Lincoln in a way that commands attention. Consider the significance of this chapter-heading in Mr. Hornblow's first volume:

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOLDEN ERA OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Edmund Kean's Début creates a sensation. Tragedian angers Boston Playgoers. The Kean Riots. New Park Theatre opened. Description of the Playhouse. "Gentleman George" Barrett. Charles Mathews the elder arrives from England. Mrs. Piozzi's Protégé. Reopening of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Début of F. C. Wemyss. Junius Brutus Booth comes to America. Anecdotes of the Famous Actor.

It is not only the wholesale importation of performers and plays from England, from Italy, from France, from Poland, from all over the world, that strikes us as we look through the lists of actors, actresses and plays in this great collection of biographies and titles, and makes us for once, at any rate, perceive the utility of protective tariffs. As we turn over the old prints and photographs of the native American favourites, we get the same eerie feeling that Columbus might have had if he had discovered in the new world not Indians, but a second Europe containing Pope and Emperor, Kingdom of Portugal and all the rest, as he had left them—the same, yet subtly different. This gesticulating Richard, we murmur, is surely Edmund Kean, grown a little lantern-jawed; but no, it is Edwin Forrest. That powerful head should belong, we hazily feel, to Macready or Vandenhoff, but it is, we discover, Edwin Booth's. Yonder Roman matron whose "extreme hard favour," as "R. L. S." remarked of the heroines of the toy theatres, "strikes me I had almost said with pain," must be the real Mrs. Crummles. As a matter of fact she is the celebrated Charlotte Cushman, and we are left wondering how 'on earth G. A. Sala could have found her so ravishing a Diana at the fox-hunt on the Roman Campagna. To clinch the matter we may quote a line or two from what Mr. Hornblow calls "an example of American romantic classic drama," from the pen of Judge Conrad in 1854:

Racked by these memories, methought a voice
Summon'd me from my couch. I rose—went forth.
The sky seemed a dark gulf where fiery spirits
Sported; far o'er the concave the quick lightning
Quiver'd but spoke not. In the breathless gloom
I sought the Colosseum . . .

Yes; we should have known where to look for him. The longest way round is the shortest way home again, and theatrical New York then, as now, was only London through a magnifying glass.

Nor is there any change as we pass out of the Romantic era into an epoch nearer our own. Mr. Hornblow gives an illuminating extract from a work called "The American Dramatist," by Mr. Montrose J. Moses:

Popular opinion [in the early seventies] was led to value an importation and to discount any serious treatment of American character or of American life . . . Lester Wallack in no way encouraged native talent, even though his excellence as a stage-manager helped to give the theatre an abundant amount of English comedy and tragedy . . . The same may well be claimed of Augustin Daly, who nevertheless aimed to be American in "Under the Gas Light." But his was likewise a foreign ambition, for he mounted adaptations of French and German farces whenever he wished to depart from the Shakespearian or classical comedy repertoire of his New York theatres . . .

And of more recent times Mr. Hornblow himself tells us:

Even so modern a manager as Charles Frohman had little real sympathy with, or faith in, the native dramatist. He produced American plays as a matter of policy, but most of his relations were with Barrie, Pinero, Captain Marshall, Haddon Chambers, Henry Arthur Jones, and other British dramatists.

Our historian's concluding chapters are of a black pessimism. He points out the disastrous consequences of the "increase in the railroad mileage of the country" which allowed touring companies from New York (on the "combination" system) to supplant the old local stock companies. This, of course, is parallel to what has happened in England, and even more promising possibilities may well have been extinguished by it, for the great cities of the United States should have been capable of larger achievements than the English provincial towns. After deploring the "combination" system, Mr. Hornblow describes the sordid theatrical war between the great "Syndicate" of 1896 and the Independents, an attempt to create a great theatrical "corner" which merely ravaged and degraded the American stage. The conditions to-day he describes with an energy startling in so sober a chronicler:

Play production has degenerated into play speculation. New pieces, hastily written, are pitchforked on to the stage, on the Art be d— principle, in the hope that they will go somehow . . . Some insignificant little chorus girl with rumpled red hair and a simpering giggle, who may have received a little extra applause some night, is immediately promoted to stardom and has her name displayed in electric lights on the theatre portals as if she were a Cushman or a Rachel. The public is easily humbugged.

"By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words." But what about those people who came over here lately in that incomprehensibly-named play "Kick In"? They knew a trick or two of acting. For the rest the only remedy is the one Mr. Hornblow glances at on p. 322 of his second volume, namely, the "Endowed Theatre"; we prefer to say "the National Theatre." America's theatrical disease is only an exaggerated form of our own, and, for them as for us, the first step to a cure is the State Theatre. It is an old, old story, but it is still a true one. D. L. M.

Correspondence

SCOTT AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—While engaged in looking up another matter recently, I came, quite by accident, upon the fragment of a letter (reprinted in "Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott," vol. i., pp. 216-17, from "Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey," vol. iv., p. 20) supposed to have been addressed by the author of "Waverley" to "James Dusautoy, a lad of fifteen, who had sent Scott some specimens of his versification." I immediately recognized a strong similarity, in the text of the fragment, to a portion of the contents of another letter (first published in "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley," vol. ii., pp. 49-51; and excerpts from which have been reprinted by Mr. Ingpen in his "Shelley in England," pp. 80-82) from Scott to Lady Shelley's kinsman by marriage, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

An examination and comparison of the two showed an almost absolute identity between the fragment and sentences 5-6 and 8-12 of the complete letter published by Lady Shelley; the variants being: in sentence 5, *is*, given for *are* (a

grammatical correction); in 6, *but*, for *and*; in 8, *a* interjected between *and* and *feeling*, and *tho'*, for *though*; in 9, *unfit us*, for *render us unfit*, and *on*, for *upon*; in 11, *serious*, for *severe*, and interjected between *cast* and *such*, and *whatever those may be* added to conclusion of sentence; in 12, *and with all thy getting, get understanding*, substituted for dots denoting incomplete form of quotation from Solomon in "Dusautoy" fragment.

Could the editor of the "Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey" have erred as to the identity of the person to whom the letter, of which the fragment only is printed, was addressed by Scott? The heading of the incomplete epistle is "Ashestiel, 6th May, 1811." At this time, a little more than a month after the Oxford expulsion, Shelley was in London. Already two collections of his verse had seen the light; but, if Stockdale is to be trusted, Shelley's sense of shame over the discovery of plagiarisms in the work of his coadjutor in "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire" would have prevented his sending that volume to Scott for comment and criticism. The later "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson" may have gone to Edinburgh; or a MS. of "The Wandering Jew"; though the fact that Ballantyne & Co. had declined the publication of the latter in the preceding autumn makes it less likely that Shelley would appeal to the Scotch capital of English letters again. It also seems probable that the MS. previously sent to Ballantyne did not come into Shelley's possession again until his visit to that city with Harriet in the ensuing fall. At any rate, it was in all likelihood either the "Posthumous Fragments" of "the mad washerwoman," or some other unpublished *juvenilia*, which were sent to Scott; and the date "6th May, 1811," itself not inconsistent with Shelley's admiration of Scott at this time, may be the proper date to assign to the hitherto-undated letter from Scott to Shelley, published by Lady Shelley.

One other solution suggests itself; and I put it in the form of a query. Did Scott, to save time and effort, employ what modern commerce would call a "form" letter in replying to young versifiers, aspiring unto Parnassus?

Perhaps some reader of THE ATHENÆUM may know of the whereabouts of either or both (supposing that there were two) of the originals of these letters.

I am yours very truly,
Exeter College, Oxford.

WALTER E. PECK.

GERMAN BOOK-PRICES

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I see from your pages there has been some complaint about German book-prices among your readers. I quite admit that the sliding scale of German book-prices is a matter of sore grievances both for German and English bookbuyers. But I wonder if it ever occurred to your readers that the present deplorable state of the German *Valuta* means that for every book you send us over to Germany we have to return fourteen books of the same size and value, and that Germans have to buy English books at such exorbitant prices that it is cheaper for them to have a whole book photographed page for page than to acquire a copy of the printed edition.

Yours truly,
University of Leipzig.

MAX FÖRSTER.

LAMB BIBLIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I should feel extremely obliged if you would kindly give me some information on a matter in which I am greatly interested as a Lamb student.

IN THE ATHENÆUM for August 13 last there is an interesting paragraph (in "Literary Gossip") ascribing to Rice two epigrams which were conjecturally attributed to Charles Lamb by the late W. Macdonald, the editor of Dent's edition of Lamb's works. Your contributor does not state who Rice was, but I think it must have been James Rice, "a young solicitor of literary tastes," and the friend of J. H. Reynolds (a frequent contributor to THE ATHENÆUM) and Keats. My supposition is made more likely from the fact that their common friend was C. W. Dilke, the editor of the journal.

In the current issue of THE ATHENÆUM ("Bibliographical Notes") the writer states that the following articles by Elia were reprinted in the *Spirit of the Times* for 1825: "Popular

Fallacies," X., XIII., XV., and "Reminiscences of Juke Judkins, Esq."

There is something wrong here, probably a printer's blunder, for these articles were not printed (*New Monthly Magazine*) until the following year, 1826.

In the interests of bibliographical accuracy may I beg the favour of the attention of the writer's being drawn to this error?

In an unpublished letter of C. Lamb to the sub-editor of the *N.M.M.* dated May 12, 1826, lately in my possession, Lamb asks that a correction may be made in his "Reminiscences of Juke Judkins," and signs himself "Your troublesome C. Lamb."

Yours very truly,

S. BUTTERWORTH,

Major (Retired).

[Major Butterworth is of course correct. The date should have been 1826; the error was made in transcribing rough notes. Rice, presumably the same with James Rice and the friend of Keats, was an occasional contributor of reviews, paragraphs and epigrams to *THE ATHENÆUM* c. 1831. His work is unsigned, unless with a pen-name.—The Writer of "Bibliographical Notes."]

DICKENS AND CHANCERY LANE

To the Editor of *THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Jacobi's interesting comments upon my suggestion concerning the houses in Took's Court, it is of course quite possible that the buildings date only as far back as the eighteenth century, and that the architect was inspired by the earlier work of Inigo Jones or John Webb. A positive fact, such as the existence of the date on the leaden cistern, undoubtedly carries more weight than a mere conjecture.

But it may be pointed out that the evidence afforded by the cistern is not absolutely conclusive. The tank may have been a later importation—like the Georgian window-frames, locks, and other fittings in the Jacobean house known as Kew Palace. In buildings of considerable antiquity one occasionally sees, among the "properties," leaden cisterns, etc., which were introduced at comparatively recent periods.

The corner house at Took's Court is, indeed, painfully "ugly," and a deplorable eyesore.

Yours faithfully

E. G. CLAYTON.

TOLSTOY'S WORKS

To the Editor of *THE ATHENÆUM*.

DEAR SIR,—In conformity with a promise I made to Vladimir G. Tchertkoff, Leo Tolstoy's friend and sole literary representative, when I met him in Moscow a few weeks ago, I am writing to ask you whether you could let your readers know that he is organizing outside Russia a Central Tolstoyan Literary Agency for the purpose of furnishing translators and publishers of all countries with authentic copies of Tolstoy's writings, whether already published or as yet unpublished. The Agency will also establish a fund for a complete edition of these writings in the Russian language, to be printed in Russian outside of Russia, owing to insurmountable technical obstacles in the way of such publications in Russia at the present time.

For further information concerning this Agency application may be made to Stanley Potter, Tuckton House, Tuckton, Bournemouth.

In order to avoid confusion or misunderstanding in connection either with Tolstoy's relatives or anyone else professing interest in the matter, V. G. Tchertkoff wishes it to be understood that, according to Tolstoy's testamentary dispositions, the editing after his death as well as the first publication of all his posthumous writings were entrusted by him exclusively to V. G. Tchertkoff, as indicated in detail in Appendix No. 2 in "The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy," vol. i., published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons a few years ago; that therefore only those agents should be regarded as qualified who are furnished by V. G. Tchertkoff with authority to represent him.

V. G. Tchertkoff is permanently located at Moscow, his address being Valtana, Culitza, Lefortovsky Pereulok, 7.

Yours sincerely,

GREGORY WELCH.

5, Hawkwood Mount, Springfield, Clapton Common, E.5.

Foreign Literature

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

II.—THE TRADITION OF GERMAN MUSIC*

THE band in the lounge of the hotel plays rag-time, but it is rag-time translated into German. One listens to it as one listens to Shakespeare or Byron in German; the Germans rate them higher than we do, yet to us the German interpretation seems to deprive them of all that is most characteristic in them. The repertory of the bands in hotels and cafés is on a much higher level than in England, and the standard of performance in some ways much more musicianly. Gounod, Puccini, rag-time or "Blue Danube," all are handled with so copious an outpouring of "loving reverence" that one is tempted to imagine every performer to have been a pupil of Joachim or Madame Schumann. After a few weeks in Germany one realizes the monotony of it. All music begins to sound alike, all music is reduced to the same barometric level of Mendelssohn and Schumann. It is the German soul; *ewig fließt der Rhein*; in every piece of music the faint *crescendo* and *diminuendo* rise and fall subconsciously in time to the natural heave of a man's lungs.

The music in the café is symbolical of German music as a whole: *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*. All Germans are musical, we know. When I saw in a bookshop a book with the title "Das Land ohne Musik," I knew at once that it must be about England. But it is the weakness of music in Germany that in Germany music is taken for granted; the fact that in England music is the perpetual struggle of a few artists against an apathetic majority gives us the best hope for English music. It is not likely that we shall ever make English music a national industry like hotel-keeping in Switzerland, but for that very reason we may possibly produce a small number of first-rate musicians.

From about 1840 to 1890 we regarded Germany as the source of all music. Towards the turn of the century a reaction set in. That reaction had nothing whatever to do with the war; it was plainly observable many years earlier. We became rather painfully conscious of musical Chauvinism in Germany; we had the impression that Germans refused utterly to take the slightest interest in any music that was not German. Puccini was acted in every opera-house, but that was merely the equivalent of those social evils which have resisted every reformer since the world began. It was fatally easy to put a political interpretation on the musical Chauvinism and to regard Richard Strauss as the officially certified representative of imperial megalomania. The reader will remember only too well the interminable nonsense that was written during the war both in England and in France on German art of all kinds as the expression of German character. If the reader does not remember it, so much the better. However abominable all German art and all German character may be, however obviously the one has been influenced by the other and the other is the natural outcome of the one, the method of criticism is ridiculous. Let us try rather to see music as a whole from the German point of view.

In the days of Mozart German musicians were feeling towards Italy almost exactly as we English musicians have lately felt towards Germany. They saw their country overrun with Italians. There were a few Italians whom they genuinely respected; every German music-student who could afford the journey, either at his own expense, or more usually at the expense of a patron, went

* Mr. Dent's first Letter appeared in *THE ATHENÆUM* for the 5th inst.

to Italy to learn to sing, to play the violin or to compose. In Germany all the well-paid posts were held by Italians, many of whom were felt to deserve respect neither as men nor as artists. The Italian pushed himself forward into the limelight, made plenty of money and lost no opportunity of expressing his contempt for the intelligence of the people who provided him with the means of subsistence. A certain number of German composers did a good trade in sentimental songs and cheap comic operas. The worthy German organist went on grinding out his chorales and fugues, smoking his pipe and drinking his beer in all the comfortable dinginess of lower middle-class provincialism. The Italians might be brilliant, but the Germans were "sound." There came the French Revolution, and Beethoven composed his symphonies not for a prince-bishop or an Elector, but for mankind. There came the Napoleonic wars, and Weber thrilled Germany into the consciousness of being a nation. There came the Romantic movement, and the appearance of the musical intellectuals, E. T. A. Hoffmann, Mendelssohn, Schumann, preparing the way for Richard Wagner and his fantastic nurse and satellite Liszt. Imagine for a moment that such was the history of England in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; can anyone be surprised that German music has fallen a prey to Chauvinism? It is absurd to imagine that "Germany"—the stout lady in a helmet beloved of the comic papers—having made up "her" mind to an Imperialistic policy, thereupon ordered all her musicians to write incidental music for it. If Germans take a Chauvinistic view of music it is not by a direct act of will, but out of sheer inertia. They have their Bach, their Beethoven and their Brahms; it is perfectly natural that they should enjoy them—even unmusical England adores them! Outside the opera-house the word "music" for all European nations means in the main German music. It is no more unreasonable that the average slow-minded German should be ignorant of non-German music than that the average Englishman should have no knowledge whatever of the political history of France or Italy. We have quite enough to do at school to learn the dates of our own kings and queens.

In England music assumes a different value. Our great musical tradition came to an end with Purcell. Throughout the nineteenth century those few Englishmen who cared about music suffered under the bitter consciousness that England was a land without music and that the only possibility for an English-born musician was to naturalize himself, spiritually if not politically, as a German. A few leaders, smarting painfully under the jeers of the Continent, set themselves doggedly to demonstrate that England could yet be a musical country. Their followers have increased in numbers and in individual strength, but the Continent still remains for the most part unconvinced. Not even in England is the general conviction firmly established. Perhaps it is all the better for us that it should establish itself—

Nur der verdient die Freiheit wie das Leben
Der täglich sie erobern muss.

To us music is a thing imported from outside. The bulk of our import was German, but not all of it. Hence we never associated music with patriotism. There was German music, French music and Italian music; one was free to enjoy them all equally as one might enjoy equally hock, claret or Chianti. It hardly occurred to us to compare these imports with our own produce; cider and whisky may be very sound drinks, but one does not class them as wines. It sufficed for us that some Continental critic of the eighteenth century admitted the English to be the best judges of musical taste.

Music has helped to unite Germany as the opera helped to unite Italy. The social order of the nineteenth century

was the most favourable soil for its development; the French Revolution had made it possible for the people to claim the great works as their own, while the little courts which still survived perceived that an opera-house was a more imposing appanage of state than a private army. Composers multiplied like rabbits. As Germany prospered politically, so they prospered economically, and expressed their prosperity in an increasing tendency towards an art of sonorous masses. They excluded the foreigner simply because they had no room for him. German music had been acknowledged throughout the world for so many years as the best music that existed that it is hardly surprising if the majority of people in Germany got into the subconscious habit of assuming that all German music was good, and all good music German. They became, and they are still, curiously dense of mind to music from outside. They can only understand in foreign music those qualities which it has in common with their own. The average English singer or instrumentalist is much quicker to see the essential characteristics of foreign music, to whatever country it belongs: indeed, English performers often execute foreign music much more intelligently than they do that of their own country. Germans make all music sound as if it were German in origin; that is the only way in which they can conceive it to be music at all. It is not deliberate patriotism; it is merely passive provincialism.

Against this passive provincialism young Germany reacts no less violently than we ourselves. It is not the war which has made us hate what we call German music; we hate it not because it is German, but because it is Victorian. Indeed, so deeply ingrained is our respect for German music that we can hardly hate it at all; we are merely bored by it. Young Germany is in a position to regard Wagner and Brahms with positive and definite hatred, and for that hatred young Germany has very good reasons. The new musical patriotism in England has at least driven us back to the refreshing sources of Purcell, of the Elizabethans, of English folk-song; it has also made the performance of works by young English composers a point of honour. In Germany patriotism has had exactly the opposite effect; it has settled Bach, Beethoven and Co. more firmly than ever on their pedestals, and it has very definitely slammed the doors of the concert-rooms in the face of all the young upstarts and revolutionaries. Even the men of fifty complain that they never have a chance of being heard. I was told the other day that the Intendant of the State Opera, Professor Max von Schillings—one of the most high-minded musicians in Germany—expressed the pious hope that now at last it would be possible to perform "Götterdämmerung" with Wagner's original orchestration! "As if the State Opera was to be a museum of musical archæology!"

EDWARD J. DENT.

(To be concluded.)

GASPARD DE LA NUIT. Par Aloysius Bertrand. (Paris, La Connaissance. 4fr. 50.)—This new French publishing house is doing excellent work. Here is a really cheap and charming complete edition of the half-forgotten romantic writer who had such influence on Baudelaire. The greater man declared that Bertrand gave him the idea of his "Poèmes en Prose." "Gaspard de la Nuit" deserves to be remembered for that alone. But Bertrand can stand on his own legs. He had a genuine imaginative realization of the atmosphere of the Middle Ages, which, whether authentic or not, is convincing; and his poetic prose, though not without a touch of romantic verbal exaggeration which Baudelaire sternly chiselled away, is curiously precise. Anyone who is interested in the development of French literature during the last century should buy this attractive volume.

TOUTE LA
Par F
VERHAER
(Paris)

V

The stu
flags is
we say,
clothing
These a
the flag
of child
who ha
with b
one of
to who
curious
there i
heroic
a crus
restive

The
He lik
as full
He pi
strong
chiaro
darkn
tant l
in V
banne
we se

L
Alrea
it al
word
"inf
he t
a "r
For
and

Cre
infi
whi
of f
wit
in
oft
in
un
is
esp
co
po
fo

VERHAEREN

TOUTE LA FLANDRE: LES HÉROS. LES VILLES À PIGNONS.
Par Emile Verhaeren. (Paris, Mercure de France. 6fr. net.)
VERHAEREN EN HAINAUT. Par André M. de Poncheville.
(Paris, Mercure de France. 4fr. net.)

VERHAEREN was one of those men who feel all their life long, to use his own admirably expressive phrase,

l'envie
De tailler en drapeaux l'étoffe de la vie.

The stuff of life can be put to worse uses. To cut it into flags is on the whole more admirable than to cut it, shall we say, into cere-cloths or money bags or Parisian under-clothing. A flag is a brave, cheerful and noble object. These are admirable qualities, for whose sake we forgive the flag its over-emphasis, its lack of subtlety, its touch of childishness. One can think of a number of writers who have marched through literary history like an army with banners. There was Victor Hugo, for example, one of Verhaeren's admired masters; there was Balzac, to whose vision of life Verhaeren's was in some points curiously akin. Among the minor makers of oriflammes there is our own contemporary, Mr. Chesterton, with his heroic air of being for ever on the point of setting out on a crusade, glorious with bunting and mounted on a restive rocking-horse.

The flag-maker is a man of energy and strong vitality. He likes to imagine that all that surrounds him is as large, as full of sap and as vigorous as he feels himself to be. He pictures the world as a place where the colours are strong and brightly contrasted, where a well-defined chiaroscuro leaves no doubt as to the nature of light and darkness and where all life pulsates, tight stretched and taut like a banner in the wind. From the first we find in Verhaeren all the characteristics of the cutter of banners. In his earliest book of verse, "Les Flamandes," we see him already delighting in such lines as

Leurs deux poings monstrueux patageaient dans la pâte.

Already, too, we find him making copious use—or was it abuse?—as Victor Hugo had done before him, of words like "vaste," "énorme," "infini," "infiniment," "infinité," "univers." Thus, in "L'Âme de la Ville" he talks of an "énorme" viaduct, an "immense" train, a "monstrueux" sun, even of the "énorme" atmosphere. For Verhaeren all roads lead to the infinite, wherever and whatever that may be.

Les grand'routes tracent des croix
A l'infini, à travers bois;
Les grand'routes tracent des croix lointaines
A l'infini, à travers plaines.

Crepuscular greyness and the setting of the sun are always infinitely melancholy. Infinity is one of those notions which are not to be lightly played with. The makers of flags like it because it can be contrasted so effectively with the microscopic finitude of man or of anything else in the world. Writers like Hugo and Verhaeren talk so often and so easily about infinity that the idea ceases, in their poetry, to have any meaning.

We have said that in certain respects Verhaeren is not unlike Balzac in the way he looks at life. This resemblance is marked in some of the poems of his middle period, especially those in which he deals with the aspects of contemporary life. "Les Villes Tentaculaires" contains poems which are wholly Balzacian in conception. Take, for example, Verhaeren's rhapsody on the stock exchange:

Une fureur réenflammée
Au mirage du moindre espoir
Monte soudain de l'entonnoir
De bruit et de fumée,
Où l'on se bat, à coups de vol, en bas.
Langues sèches, regards aigus, gestes inverses,
Et cervelles, qu'en tourbillons les millions traversent

Echangent là leur peur et leur terreur . . .
Aux fins de mois, quand les débâcles se décident,
La mort les paraphe de suicides . . .
Mais le jour même, aux heures blêmes,
Les volontés dans la fièvre revivent;
L'acharnement surnois
Reprend comme autrefois.

One cannot read these lines without thinking of Balzac's feverish money-makers, of the Baron de Nucingen, Du Tillet, the Kellers and all the lesser misers and money-lenders with all their victims. With their worked-up and rather melodramatic excitement, they breathe the very spirit of Balzac's prodigious film-scenario version of life.

Verhaeren's flag-making instinct led him to take special delight in all that is more than ordinarily large and strenuous. He extols and magnifies the gross violence of the Flemish peasantry, with their almost infinite capacity for taking food and drink, their industry, their animalism. In true Rooseveltian manner he liked energy for its own sake; all his romping rhythms were dictated to him by the need to express this passion for the strenuous. His curious assonances and alliterations—

Luttent et s'entrebutent en disputes—

arise from this same desire to recapture the sense of violence. It is interesting to compare the violence and energy of Verhaeren with the violence of an earlier poet—Rimbaud, the marvellous boy, if ever there was one. Rimbaud cut the stuff of life into flags—but into flags that never fluttered on this earth. His violence penetrated in some sort beyond the bounds of ordinary life. He seems to have attained that nameless goal towards which he was striving, and whose nature he can only describe in an exclamation:

Million d'oiseaux d'or, ô future vigueur!

But the vigour and violence of Verhaeren is never "a million of golden birds." It is the vigour and violence of ordinary life speeded up to cinema intensity.

It is noticeable that Verhaeren was generally at his best when he was taking a holiday from the delights of making and waving flags. His Flemish bucolics and the love poems of "Les Heures," written for the most part in traditional forms and for the most part shorter and more concentrated than his poems of vitality, remain the most moving portion of his work. Very interesting, too, are the poems belonging to that early phase of doubt and depression which saw the publication of "Les Débâcles" and "Les Flambeaux Noirs." The energy and life of the later books is there, but in some sort concentrated and intensified because turned inwards upon itself. Of many of the later poems one feels that they were written too easily. These must have been brought very painfully and laboriously to birth.

The present volume issued by the Mercure de France contains "Les Héros" and "Les Villes à Pignons," published in 1908 and 1910 respectively, being the third and fourth sections of "Toute la Flandre." "Les Villes à Pignons" contains some good examples of Verhaeren's quietly descriptive work. The historical narratives in "Les Héros" are not particularly interesting. Victor Hugo still remains the master of picturesqueness.

M. de Poncheville's "Verhaeren en Hainaut" is a rather irritating little book of reminiscences of the poet's life at his country house, "Caillou-qui-Bique," not very far from Mons. Compounded of sentimentality and a dim second-hand literariness, the book tells us very little about Verhaeren, except that he wore velvetens, worked from seven in the morning till noon and made a point of writing a poem a day, took long walks in the woods, and was regarded by the peasants as mad, but worthy of esteem. The country people further believed him to be a Boer on the evidence of some intelligent person who

told them, when Verhaeren first came to the country in the early nineteen hundreds, that he was a poet. "Un poète" and "un Boer" sounded sufficiently similar in Walloonish ears to make Verhaeren an object of sympathetic interest in the days when Kruger was the hero of Continental Europe. Such is fame. A. L. H.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Dresser (Horatio W.).** The Open Vision: a Study of Psychic Phenomena. 7½x5½. 362 pp. Harrap, 7/6 n.
- ***Geley (Gustave).** From the Unconscious to the Conscious. Tr. by Stanley de Brath. 9x6½. 356 pp. pl. Collins, 17/6 n.
- Ideas and Ideals.** Being a Selection of some of the Best Writings on this Subject. 6x4½. 54 pp. Wirksworth, Derbyshire, Brooks Press, 10/n.
- Oppell (Baron Max von).** The Charm of the Riddle. 7½x5½. 34 pp. Glasgow, MacLehose & Jackson, 3/6 n.
- Reality of Self.** Being a Selection from Various Writers on the Knowledge of "Self." 8½x5½. 44 pp. Wirksworth, Derbyshire, Brooks Press, 10/n.

RELIGION.

- Cadoux (Cecil John).** The Guidance of Jesus for To-day: being an Account of the Teaching of Jesus from the Standpoint of Modern Personal and Social Need. 7½x5. 174 pp. Allen & Unwin, 7/6 n.
- Davies (B. Raffe).** Anglo-Catholics and the Future. 7½x5. 118 pp. Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 5/n.
- Enelow (H. G.).** A Jewish View of Jesus. 7½x5½. 181 pp. New York, Macmillan Co., \$1.50.
- Garvie (Alfred Ernest).** The Christian Preacher (International Theological Library). 8½x5½. 517 pp. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 18/.
- Leigh-Bennett (Ernest).** Handbook of the Early Christian Fathers. 8½x5½. 352 pp. Williams & Norgate, 21/n.
- Message of Francis Thompson.** By a Sister of Notre Dame. 6½x4. 77 pp. Burns & Oates, 2/6 n.
- ***Stevenson (Mrs. Sinclair).** The Rites of the Twice-Born (The Religious Quest of India). 8½x5½. 498 pp. Milford, 21/n.
- Thomas (Daniel L. and Lucy B.).** Kentucky Superstitions. 9x6½. 342 pp. Milford, 12/6 n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

- ***Garner (James Wilford).** International Law and the World War. 9½x5½. 2 vols. 542, 546 pp. Longmans, 72/n.
- Picavet (C. G.).** La Suisse: une Démocratie Historique (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Scientifique). 7½x4½. 294 pp. Paris, Flammarion, 7fr. 50.

EDUCATION.

- Badley (J. H.).** School Talks in Peace and War. 7½x5. 215 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 7/6 n.
- Guest (L. Haden).** The New Education: a Critical Presentation of the Education Scheme of the London Education Authority, October, 1920. 7½x5. 118 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 2/n.
- Liverpool University.** Calendar, 1920/21. 7½x5. 595 pp. Liverpool Univ. Press.

PHILOLOGY.

- Laing (Gordon J.).** The Genitive of Value in Latin, and other Constructions with Verbs of Rating. 9½x6½. 56 pp. Chicago, Univ. Press, 75c.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

- ***Coward (T. A.).** The Birds of the British Isles and their Eggs. Series II. (Wayside and Woodland Series). 6½x4½. 376 pp. 213 col. il. 69 photographic reproductions. Warne, 12/6 n.

MEDICAL.

- Murray (Flora).** Women as Army Surgeons: being the History of the Women's Hospital Corps in Paris, Wimereux and Endell Street, Sept., 1914—Oct., 1919. 8½x5½. 276 pp. il. Hodder & Stoughton, 12/6 n.

USEFUL ARTS.

- Baby's Record.** 10½x8. 63 pp. col. il. Harrap, 10/6 n.
- Lewis (Harry R.).** Poultry-Keeping. 7½x5½. 383 pp. il. Lippincott, 6/n.
- Silvester (Elizabeth).** Silvester's Sensible Cookery. 7½x5. 188 pp. Jenkins, 3/6 n.
- Weir (W. W.).** Productive Soils (Lippincott's Farm Manuals). 8½x5½. 398 pp. il. Lippincott, 10/6 n.

FINE ARTS.

- Hayden (Arthur).** Chats on Old Sheffield Plate. 9x6. 302 pp. 58 pl. Fisher Unwin, 21/n.
- Irving (Constance and W. Noel).** A Child's Book of Hours. 15x9½. 32 pp. col. il. Milford, 12/6 n.
- Tristram and Isoude.** Illuminated by Evelyn Paul. 9½x7½. 160 pp. Harrap, 21/n.
- ***Valentinier (W. R.).** The Art of the Low Countries. Tr. by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. 9½x6½. 271 pp. 84 il. De La More Press, 10/6 n.
- Williamson (George C.).** The Miniature Collector: a Guide to Collectors of Old Portrait Miniatures. 7½x5. 320 pp. pl. Jenkins, 7/6 n.

MUSIC.

- Quarry (W. Edmund).** Dictionary of Musical Compositions and Composers, with a Copious Bibliography. 7½x5. 200 pp. Routledge, 5/n.

LITERATURE.

- ***De Madariaga (Salvador).** Shelley and Calderon; and other Essays on English and Spanish Poetry. 9x5½. 210 pp. Constable, 15/n.
- Harper (George McLean).** John Morley; and other Essays. 8½x5½. 170 pp. Milford, 6/6 n.
- Key (F. E.).** Hindi Literature (Heritage of India Series). 7½x5. 116 pp. Calcutta, Association Press (Milford), 2/6 n.
- King (Richard).** Over the Fireside with Silent Friends. Foreword by Sir A. Pearson. 7½x5. 238 pp. Lane, 6/n.
- ***Lynd (Robert).** The Art of Letters. 8½x5½. 240 pp. Fisher Unwin, 15/n.
- MacMunn (Norman),** ed. The Companion Dictionary of Quotations: being a Volume of Extracts, Old and New. 6½x4½. 229 pp. De La More Press, 2/6 n.
- ***Santayana (George).** Character and Opinion in the United States, with Reminiscences of William James and Josiah Royce and Academic Life in America. 9x5½. 243 pp. Constable, 10/6 n.
- Snell (Rev. Herbert).** Parables in Great Books. 7½x5. 171 pp. Allenson, 5/n.
- ***Werth (Léon).** Voyages avec ma Pipe. 7½x4½. 260 pp. Paris, Crès, 7fr.
- Williams (B. C.).** A Handbook on Story-Writing. 7½x5½. 366 pp. Routledge, 10/6 n.
- Winter's Pie.** Being the Xmas Number of "Printers' Pie." Ed. by Mrs. W. Hugh Spottiswoode. 11½x8½. 60 pp. 6, Great New Street, E.C.4, 2/n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Bax (Clifford).** Square Pegs: a Rhymed Fantasy for Two Girls. 7½x5½. 28 pp. Hendersons, 1/n.
- Boyd (Martin).** Retrospect. 8x5½. 45 pp. Melbourne, H. H. Champion, Australasian Authors' Agency.
- ***Burke (Thomas),** tr. The Song Book of Quong Lee of Limehouse. 7½x4½. 40 pp. Allen & Unwin, 3/6 n.
- ***Iqbal (Sheikh Muhammad).** The Secrets of the Self (Asrār-i-Khudī): a Philosophical Poem. Tr. by Reynold A. Nicholson. 7½x5½. 177 pp. Macmillan, 7/6 n.
- Little (R. Craig).** Leonidas and Others. 7½x4½. 125 pp. Paisley, A. Gardner.
- MacGill (Patrick).** Songs of Donegal. 7½x5. 122 pp. Jenkins, 5/n.
- ***Masefield (John).** Right Royal. 7½x5. 120 pp. Heinemann, 6/n.
- Mitchell (A. Gordon),** tr. The Odes of Horace, Book III. 8x5½. 119 pp. Paisley, A. Gardner.
- Morgan (Evan).** Psyche: an Unfinished Fragment. 7½x5½. 94 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/n.
- Nightingale (Madeleine).** Tinker Tailor. Woodcuts by C. T. Nightingale. 8½x6½. 47 pp. Duckworth, 5/n.
- ***Oxford Poetry, 1920.** Edited by V. M. B., C. H. B. K., A. P. 7½x5½. 58 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, paper 2/, Rox. parch. 3/6 n.

- Sidebottom (Katharine).** A Fool in the Firelight; and Songs of the Motley. 6½x4. 30 pp. De La More Press, 1/6 n.
- ***Smith (C. Fox).** Ships and Folks. 7½x5½. 79 pp. Elkin Mathews, 6/ n.
- Starey (Cynthia Rowena).** Bethlehem Tableaux as played in a Somersetshire Village. 9½x6½. 35 pp. il. Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 5/ n.
- Still (Dorothea).** Poems of Motherhood. 7½x5½. 44 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/6 n.
- Westroppe (John).** Poems. 7½x4½. 94 pp. Elkin Mathews, 3/6 n.

FICTION.

- ***Benoît (Pierre).** The Queen of Atlantis. 7½x5. 287 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.
- Dawson (Coningsby).** The Little House. II. by Stella Langdale. 8x5½. 127 pp. Lane, 6/ n.
- Delco-al (Marwin).** Fire and Water. 7½x5. 367 pp. Duckworth, 9/ n.
- ***Dorgelés (Roland).** Wooden Crosses. 7½x5. 295 pp. Heinemann, 9/ n.
- Everett-Green (E.).** Billy's Bargain. 7½x5. 255 pp. Stanley Paul, 8/6 n.
- Fleurou (Svend).** Kittens. 7½x5. 181 pp. Gyldendal, 6/ n.
- Garvice (Charles).** Miss Smith's Fortune. 7½x5. 288 pp. Skeffington, 8/6 n.
- ***Gibbs (Sir Philip).** Back to Life. 7½x5. 292 pp. Heinemann, 9/ n.
- Holdsworth (Ethel).** The House that Jill Built. 7½x5. 318 pp. Jenkins, 7/6 n.
- ***Hope (Anthony).** Lucinda. 7½x5. 288 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.
- Lethbridge (Sybil Campbell).** Misfits. 7½x5. 249 pp. Skeffington, 8/6 n.
- Lorimer (Norma).** A Mender of Images. 7½x5. 288 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.
- Ludovici (Anthony M.).** Too Old for Dolls. 7½x5½. 287 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.
- Norris (Kathleen).** Harriet and the Piper. 7½x5. 304 pp. Murray, 7/6 n.
- Pearce (Charles E.).** Corinthian Jack. 6½x4½. 254 pp. Stanley Paul, 2/6 n.
- Pendred (Vaughan).** Devil Bird Country. 7½x4½. 279 pp. Constable, 9/ n.
- ***Phillipotts (Eden).** Orphan Dinah: a New Dartmoor Story. 7½x5. 351 pp. Heinemann, 9/ n.
- Yorke (Curtis).** The Unknown Road. 7½x5½. 284 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Joelson (F. S.).** The Tanganyika Territory (formerly German East Africa): Characteristics and Potentialities. 9x5½. 256 pp. il. map. Fisher Unwin, 21/ n.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Fullerton (Rev. W. Y.).** C. H. Spurgeon: a Biography. 8½x5½. 373 pp. il. Williams & Norgate, 15/ n.
- Head (Mrs. Henry),** ed. A Day-Book of Benjamin Disraeli. 6x4. 135 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, paper 3/ cl. 3/6 n.
- Klein (Herman).** The Reign of Patti. 8½x5½. 480 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 21/ n.

HISTORY.

- Brandon (Edgar E.).** A Short History of the United States. 7½x5. 192 pp. Dent, 4/6 n.
- Malet (Albert).** The Ancient World: the Eastern Empires, Greece, Rome. Tr. by Phyllis Woodham Smith. 7½x5. 320 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 5/ n.
- ***Selden Society.** Year-Books of Edward II.: 8 Edward II., A.D. 1315. Ed. by W. Craddock Bolland (Year-Book Series, Vol. XVIII.). 10½x8. 330 pp. Quaritch.
- Warrack (John).** Domestic Life in Scotland, 1488-1688. 7½x5½. 213 pp. il. Methuen, 7/6 n.

WAR.

- ***Callwell (Major-General Sir C. E.).** Experiences of a Dug-Out, 1914-18. 9x5½. 367 pp. Constable, 18/ n.
- Everitt (Nicholas).** British Secret Service during the Great War. 9x5½. 346 pp. Hutchinson, 16/ n.
- Maxwell (Gordon S.).** The Motor-Launch Patrol. Monochrome Drawings by Donald Maxwell. Foreword by Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes. 8½x5½. 314 pp. Dent, 10/6 n.

- ***O'Neill (H. C.).** A History of the War. 9½x6½. 1,075 pp. maps. Jack, 12/6 n.
- Warburton (Ernest).** Behind Boche Bars. 7½x5. 126 pp. il. Lane, 6/6 n.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

- Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1920:** the Year-Book of Philanthropy and Hospital Annual. 7½x5. 1,038 pp. Scientific Press, 28/9, Southampton Street, 17/6 n.

PERIODICALS.

- Constructive Quarterly.** Sept. Milford, 3/ n.
- Danse.** Nov. Paris, 4, Rue Tronchet, 3fr.
- Folk-Lore.** Sept. 30. Glaisher, 265, High Holborn, 6/6 n.
- Journal of Theological Studies.** Oct. Milford, 3/6 n.
- Modern Language Review.** Oct. Cambridge Univ. Press, 7/ n.
- Nieuwe Gids.** Nov. The Hague, W. Kloos, 2.50fl.
- Photographic Journal.** Nov. Royal Photographic Society, 35, Russell Square, W.C.1, 2/6 n.
- ***Revue Musicale.** No. 1, Nov. 10x7½. 96 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 60fr. yearly.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- ***Davies (W. H.).** The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp. Preface by Bernard Shaw. 5th ed. 7½x5½. 318 pp. Fifield, 7/6 n.
- Defoe (Daniel).** Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 7½x5. 320 pp. Ward & Lock, 3/ n.
- Fairless (Michael).** The Roadmender (Riccardi Press Books). 9½x6½. 107 pp. Medici Society, 25/ n.
- Goncourt (Edmond et Jules de).** Sœur Philomène (Collection Gallia). 6½x4. 188 pp. Dent, 2/6 n.
- ***Jusserand (J. J.).** English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages (XIVth Century). 9x6. 464 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 25/ n.
- Lamb (Charles).** Dream Children and the Child Angel. Decorations by Paul Woodroffe. 7½x5½. 22 pp. De La More Press, 1/ n.

JUVENILE.

- Adams (Agnes).** Doodles. 7½x5. 199 pp. il. Milford, 3/6 n.
- Blackie's Little Ones' Book.** 9½x7½. 128 pp. il. Blackie, 3/6 n.
- Blount (Rebecca).** School Days. 7½x5½. 121 pp. il. Milford, 2/6 n.
- Bradby (Violet).** The Enchanted Forest. 8½x5½. 143 pp. il. Milford, 3/6 n.
- Brooke (L. Leslie).** The Golden Goose and the Three Bears (Leslie Brooke's Children's Books, II.). 10½x8½. 48 pp. col. il. Warne, 5/ n.
- Bruce (Dorita Fairlie).** The Senior Prefect. 7½x5. 270 pp. il. Milford, 5/ n.
- Cole (Margaret I.).** A Story of Santa Claus for Little People. 5½x4½. 112 pp. il. Bell, 2/ n.
- Crompton (Frances E.).** The Gentle Heritage. 6½x6½. 180 pp. col. il. Ward & Lock, 5/ n.
- Darch (Winifred).** Chris and Some Others. 7½x5½. 272 pp. il. Milford, 5/ n.
- Finbarr (John).** The Strange Adventure of Jack Smith. 8x5½. 280 pp. il. Milford, 5/ n.
- Gilvin (Brenda).** Three Adventurous School-Girls. 7½x5. 252 pp. il. Milford, 5/ n.
- Golding (Harry).** The Book of the Clock. Col. il. by Margaret W. Tarrant. 8½x6. 144 pp. Ward & Lock, 3/6 n.
- Goodyear (R. A. H.).** Forge of Foxenby. 7½x5½. 280 pp. il. Blackie, 5/ n.
- Grimm's Fairy Tales.** Col. plates by Harry G. Theaker. 8½x6½. 344 pp. Ward & Lock, 6/ n.
- Howard (Constance).** Ameliaranne and the Green Umbrella. 6½x4½. 64 pp. il. Harrap, 2/6 n.
- Lane (Margaret Stuart).** The Admiral's Daughter. 7½x5½. 287 pp. il. Milford, 5/ n.
- Latham (Mrs. Albert C.).** The Young Crofters. 7½x5. 243 pp. il. Milford, 3/6 n.
- Lea (John).** Four-and-Twenty Kickabouts. 11x8½. 48 pp. il. Blackie, 2/6 n.
- Sabin (Edwin L.).** Into Mexico with General Scott (The Trail Blazers Series). 7½x5. 317 pp. il. Lippincott, 7/ n.
- Turner (Ethel).** Laughing Water. 7½x5. 256 pp. Ward & Lock, 3/6 n.
- Ward, Lock & Co.'s Wonder Book:** a Picture Annual for Boys and Girls. 16th Year. 9½x7½. 264 pp. col. pl. 6/ n.
- Westerman (Percy F.).** The Salving of the "Fusi Yama": a Post-War Story of the Sea. 7½x5½. 288 pp. il. Blackie, 5/ n.
- Wynne (May).** Adventures of Two. 7½x5½. 248 pp. il. Blackie, 4/6 n.
- Wynne (May).** The Adventure of Dolly Dingle. 8x6½. 41 pp. il. Jarrolds, 3/6 n.

BROADWAY HOUSE LATEST BOOKS.

NOW READY.

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATION.

By Baron Von SCHRENCK-NOTZING.

With 225 Large Photographic Illustrations. Impl. 8vo. (10½ x 7 in.) 35s. net.

This monumental work, by the well-known investigator, giving the fullest details of his amazing experiments, is at length on the market, both here and in the U.S. It is, without doubt, the most important monograph in Psychical Research that has hitherto been published, confirming Dr. Crawford's experiments in Belfast, on which an illustrated article by him is published in the October number of the *Psychic Research Quarterly* (3s. 6d. net).

A JACOBAN LETTER-WRITER: The Life and Times of John Chamberlain.

By E. P. STATHAM. 8vo., 12s. 6d. net.

The letters of John Chamberlain [1553-1627] form a running commentary on his time, and on persons—from Royalty to the humblest—who came under his observation. They contain very many amusing anecdotes not to be found elsewhere, with shrewd remarks on public events and international amenities.

THE EROTIC MOTIVE IN LITERATURE: Psycho-

Analytical Studies of Keats—Shelley—Poe—Lafcadio Hearn—Byron—Swinburne—Brontë—Dickens—Goethe—Wordsworth—Balzac—Browning—Rousseau—R. L. Stevenson—Whitman—Kipling.

By ALBERT MORDELL. 10s. 6d. net.

"I have read your book with great interest indeed."—PROF. FREUD.

THE NATIVES OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES OF THE GOLD COAST: Their Customs, Religion and Folk-lore.

By A. W. CARDINALL. Map and 23 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

FOUR PILGRIMS. By WILLIAM BOULTING, author of "Giordano Bruno," etc., 8vo., 10s. 6d. net.

[*Trubner's Oriental Series.* (1) Hiuen-Tsiang and his Perilous Journey to the Sacred Land of Buddha [A.D. 627-43]; (2) Saewulf, English Pilgrim to Palestine; (3) Ibn Battuta, greatest of Moslem Travellers [1304-77]; (4) Ludovico di Varthema, Renegade Pilgrim to Mecca.

A HANDBOOK on STORY WRITING.

By B. C. WILLIAMS, Instructor in Short Story Writing, Columbia College. 10s. 6d. net.

INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL ETHICS: the Social Conscience in a Democracy.

By J. M. MECKLIN, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, University of Pittsburg; author of "Democracy and Race Friction." 456 pp., Large 8vo, 18s. net.

THE INEQUALITY OF INCOMES IN MODERN COMMUNITIES.

By HUGH DALTON, M.A., Cassel Reader in Commerce in the University of London, 10s. 6d. net.

TWELVE GOOD MUSICIANS.

By Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE. 2 Portraits. 5s. net.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS AND COMPOSERS.

By W. E. QUARRY, with a very copious *Classified Bibliography of Music.* 5s. net.

JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

By GEORGE LOWE. Portrait. 4s. 6d. net. The new vol. of the Lib. of Music and Musicians.

PSYCHOLOGY AND MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE.

By Professor JOHN HOWLEY (University College, Galway). 10s. 6d. net.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH FOR THE PLAIN MAN.

By S. M. KINGSFORD. 6s. net.

An admirable exposition of the whole subject, its facts being drawn exclusively from the *Proceedings and Journal* of the "P.R.S."

RELIGION AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY: a Psycho-Analytic Study of Religion.

By W. S. SWISHER, B.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS: its History, Theory and Practice.

By A. TRIDON. 10s. 6d. net.

THE HUMAN ATMOSPHERE (the Aura).

By W. J. KILNER, M.B., late Electrician to St. Thomas' Hospital, with 64 Illustrations of auras. 10s. 6d. net.

SANITY IN SEX.

By W. J. FIELDING. 10s. 6d. net.

The Nation: "Doctors are urged, even compelled, to keep their learning to themselves: laymen are left in an ignorance abominably enforced by the dogma that there are two loves, that of the spirit and that of the body, and that the two have no imperative connection. Mr. Fielding attacks this dangerous dualism at every point."

Dr. MAUD THOMPSON: "It is surprising that a man could so well express the physical and spiritual needs of every woman in the marriage relation. Here women have found a spokesman for their most intimate needs and most sacred rights."

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & Co., Ltd.: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Ltd., BROADWAY HOUSE: 68-74, Carter Lane, London, E.C.